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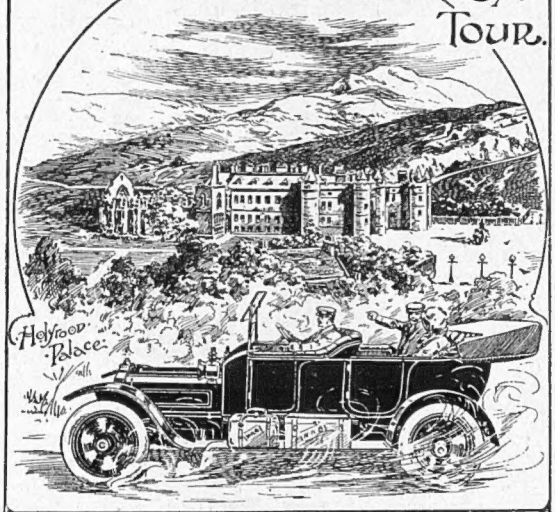

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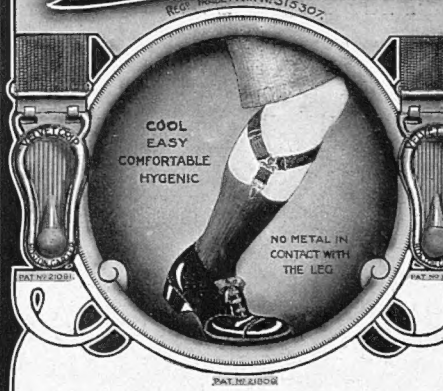

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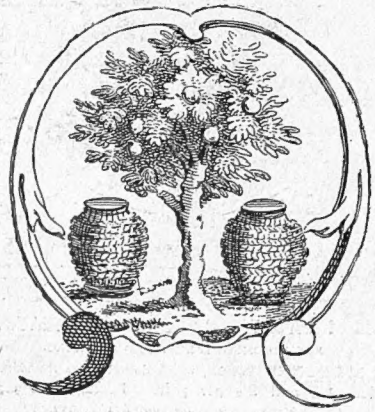

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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 399.—Vol. XXXI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 26, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

AN IRISH DÉBUTANTE: LADY VICTORIA PERY

The eighteen-year-old daughter of the Earl and Countess of Limerick, who was presented at the Court held by their Majesties in Dublin on the occasion of their recent visit

Bystander Comments

ON VARIOUS TOPICS OF THE WEEK

Quiet-Timers v. Last-Ditchers

This is the time of year when one grows conscious of at least two types of one's fellow-men—those who go northward with rod and gun and golf club, bent on the strenuous holiday, and those who go south or west, bent on complete inanition and surrender to the elements. Much the same state of affairs exists in the Conservative party. On the one side there are grim men determined to get about and do something desperate, and on the other lazy men longing for quiet in the cool. THE BYSTANDER does hereby solemnly state that it is on the side of the quiet-timers. If Mr. Smith and Lord Selborne and Lord Halsbury are of a mind to die in divers last ditches let them merrily away. But let them not count on too large a following. Noise is a bad index to numbers. The quiet-timers are quiet, as is their nature, but they're there all the same, and they're going to have their snooze; and if the last-ditchers are too noisy in their obsequies, the quiet-timers may find themselves compelled to move over to the other side of the water. In other words, a Conservative who disagrees with the rowdy section of his party may be driven to consider seriously whether he will not be more comfortable among the Liberals, especially as—(Next paragraph, please, Printer.)

The Bellicose Chancellor

Especially as the Liberals appear to know how to put their foot down when national honour is at stake. Mr. Lloyd George's Friday speech was worthy of the occasion and of the man. Coming from him, the leading spokesman of "democracy," it has had, on the Continent, ten times the effect of any other Ministerial speech. When Lloyd George talks of war, then the situation is indeed grave. One wondered seriously whether it would be quite safe to go to Brooklands on Saturday. There was at least one German aviator entered, though I felt reassured, when looking down the list, to find his name to be Lieutenant Bier.

How War May Come

If war should be the result of the present tangle, it will probably come about somehow like this. Spanish pin-pricks, inspired by Germany, will *continue*. France will, at length, be goaded into a warlike demonstration against her southern neighbour. But the moment she does that, Germany will make a demonstration from the East, and France will be between two fires. Germany calculates that she will, as a result, prefer peace, as England's aid would be of little use in a land conflict, while Russia will be held in check by Austria. Of course, this pretty scheme could be frustrated were England boldly to assume the aggressive and make a naval demonstration off the German coasts. It is to be hoped that, before Mr. George was authorised to make that speech, he had the assurance that the Navy was ready.

The Great Air Race

Weybridge to Hendon! How incongruous the conjunction would have sounded a few short years ago. Localities which, one would have thought, nothing but a miracle could have linked together. Well, it has taken a miracle to do it. It was miraculous to see at Brooklands on Saturday one aerial monster after another speed forth into the clouds. And the airman? What manner of man is he? Opinion seems divided whether to regard him as sportsman, mechanic, or—boomster. I am inclined to think that that which he is least is the first-named. He has little or no grim determination to be up and off at scheduled time, crowd or no crowd. Inquiry failed to elicit why, at Brooklands on Saturday, in what seemed to be perfect weather conditions, an hour's postponement was made "by request of the aviators." If there was much wind, the sweltering crowd was painfully anxious to know where the airmen had discovered it. And if, at four o'clock, there was more than there had been at three, one accepted the supposition with perspiring scepticism.

The Callous Public

One of the most significant features of an air race start is the complete lack of interest with which the crowd regard an aeroplane once it is well up. At the start, the airman is Beaumont, or Vedrines, or Cody—a live, heroic personality. A few minutes and he and his plane are merged into one, and of no more consequence to us than the birds whom they have frightened to earth. To-morrow, perhaps, we shall be uninterested even in their starting. To be an airman then will be to be the farthest from human kind. A deserter of earth, merged in a non-human machine, he will be out of mind even before he is out of sight.

"Bystander" Parliamentary Competition

The time is approaching to judge THE BYSTANDER Parliamentary Competition, in which a prize of a Straker-Squire Motor-Car was offered for the best forecast by a reader of his Member's achievements by speech and vote in the Session of 1911. Our statisticians are already hard at work compiling the records from Hansard, and it is my hope to announce the name of the lucky winner within a few weeks of the rising of Parliament. As to when exactly that will be depends, I suppose, on the progress of the Insurance Bill. Mr. George intends to get it through, but trouble lurks in store if he tries to get there too quickly—trouble from within the Coalition camp. The fall of the Luton majority from 1,000 to 600 is a straw showing the way of the wind, once the Liberals have no longer the anti-peer cry to help them with the mob.

The Riband of the Blue

FLIGHT ACHIEVES ITS FIRST REAL SUCCESS AS A POPULAR SPECTACLE

WATCHING THE AVIATORS ARRIVE AT HENDON FROM BROOKLANDS

"The Daily Mail" £10,000 Air Race started on Saturday last at Brooklands. Seventeen competitors completed the first stage to Hendon, and on Monday set merrily off for Edinburgh. The crowds were literally phenomenal at Brooklands and Hendon on Saturday, and for the first time, perhaps, the sport of flying made a genuinely popular appeal. Pixton met with an accident at Spofforth, six miles south of Harrogate, and was slightly injured, his machine being smashed

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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At Court and in Society

The Scottish Visit

IT is really rather sad that while we in the South were sitting, so to speak, with our tongues out, gasping for breath, the one place where rain really fell was Edinburgh—the one place where, during the Royal visit, at any rate, it was most emphatically not wanted. But, fortunately, the Scots are not only a loyal, but a hardy race, as the event proved.

The Siege of Holyrood

Though the Holyrood garden-party invitations for last Thursday had been specifically issued "weather permitting," and though it rained its hardest, do you think that the invited ones hesitated for a moment? Not they. Seizing their invitation cards, and the opportunity which might never come again, every man and woman of the three thousand went into laager in cab or carriage before the castle an hour before the appointed time, and silently, with set mouths, sat and waited. Once more Scotland won the day, and their Majesties, unable to resist such combined loyalty and determination, held the garden-party after all!

Queen Mary a Cheerful Stone-Layer

On Wednesday afternoon last, the King and Queen laid two foundation-stones of Usher Hall, Edinburgh, a building to cost £100,000, which was given to the town primarily for the purposes of a concert hall. The giver, the late Mr. Andrew Usher, was a brother of the late Sir John Usher

Bards and the Bathroom

As with Wales, the Scottish visit was made the occasion for dragging out of limbo all sorts of quaint antiquities in the way of costumes and customs which are, of course, very interesting, but do not always blend very well with the ideas and accessories of this modern age. Bards, for instance, are very well in their own way, no doubt, and their toga-like garments very suitable for hot weather. But next to ladies in the costume of to-day, whether the latter were of the Royal party or mere spectators, they looked—well, rather as if they had mistaken the way to the bathroom.

Robin Hood, K.G.

And, in Edinburgh, it seemed rather a pity that it should be required of Lord Rosebery and other highly respected middle-aged gentlemen to get themselves up in woodland green, with longbows and gigantic feathers in their bonnets. This sort of thing reminds one rather too intimately of the Lord Mayor's Show.

Embarras de Richesse

By the way, what becomes of all the caskets, illuminated addresses, and other presents which the King and Queen on such occasions as this graciously accept from their loyal subjects? I hear that, what with Dublin, Cardiff, and Edinburgh, there are enough of these often costly trifles, ranging from a dog (Wales) to a Bible in blue morocco (Scotland), to fill a couple of rooms in Buckingham Palace. The intention, of course, is admirable, but their Majesties must sometimes wish that the gifts were of somewhat less embarrassing number and variety.

Goodwood Hosts

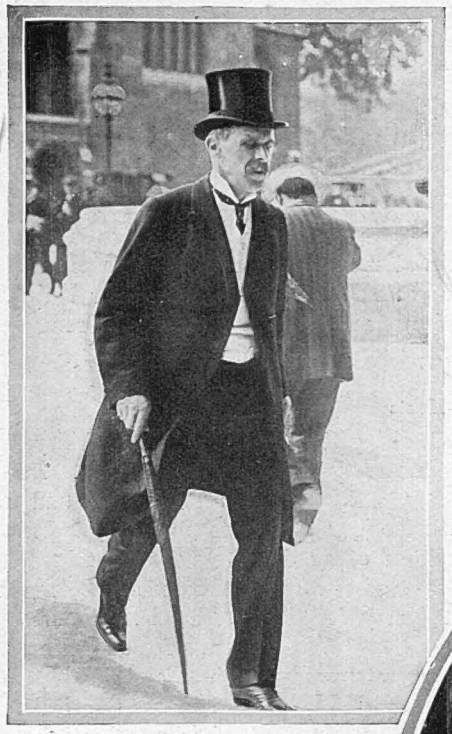
Goodwood, owing to its pleasing inaccessibility, was once the house-party-meeting *par excellence*. Nowadays, however, since "specials" were invented and motors born, the journey frightens no one, and many people go down every day from Town, taking the precaution first to book a taxi at Arundel or Chichester. The biggest party for the meeting is, of course, at Goodwood House, where the King honours the Duke of Richmond, other well-known Goodwood hosts including the Duke of Norfolk (this is the only race-meeting he attends), Lord Leconfield at Petworth, Mrs. William James, Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon at Brighton, and Lord and Lady March at Molecombe.

Cowes

Cowes promises well, and will doubtless prove a fitting ending to one of the most enjoyable and successful seasons for many years. Already last week-end the Roads were full of well-known yachts, and some time this week the King and Queen of Spain are expected at Osborne Cottage. A wonderful new yacht belonging to Mr. Drexel (Lord Anglesey has his old one, the *Margarita*), the Empress Eugénie's yacht, Lord Fitzwilliam's new *Shemara*, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair* are among the biggest of the yachts already in possession; while on shore the "most exclusive club in the world" has been newly and very smartly decorated for next week's reception of its members and their fortunate womenfolk.

Royalty

Royalty, of course, is spared all the small fatigues of the mere plain mortal's life, and that is why, I suppose, the Royal energy appears so limitless. Cowes over, the Queen is to spend only a week or two in retirement (probably at Barton Manor) before setting out for Germany with her two elder children, and, on her return, will put in only a few weeks at Balmoral before departing for India. It is to be expected, by the



Viscount Midleton

way, that, the German visit over, the Prince of Wales and his sister will be allowed to settle once again to the retirement suitable to their years. The strain of the last two months has obviously told severely upon the rather nervous young Prince, and too much publicity never was considered good for young girls.

"Waiting to be Borned"

What of the prospective Counts or Discounts, as the caustic "Aristippus" of the *Times* has suggested they shall be dubbed? Their fate trembles in the balance, and they surely suffer even more than most of us from heat-wave nerves as they wait expectantly in a sort of Gilbert-Maeterlinck Hall of the Unborn. You remember the story of the children who were playing at weddings? There were the bride, the bridegroom, the best man, the bridesmaids, and the parson. "And what are you, my dear?" said the polite grown-up to a tiny mite sitting sad and solitary in a corner. "Please, I'se the baby waiting to be borned!"

The Book of the Week

Is, of course, the newly married Mr. Courtney's "Search for Egeria." Little tags like "Has he a wife?" "Well, not a wife of his own," are delightfully quotable over something-long-with-ice-in-it, and, indeed, Mr. Courtney's book is of an airy flightiness and calm non-morality specially suitable to this hot season, when the spectacle of vice unpunished (except by marriage in the last chapter) and the gentle chase of the facile feminine is always a grateful one to a somewhat relaxed humanity.

The Marquess of Lansdowne

THREE GOOD LOSERS

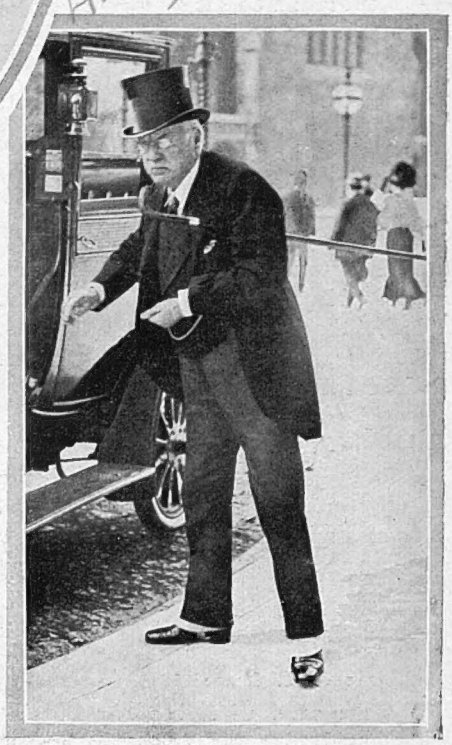
These three famous Peers, snapshotted outside the Houses of Parliament last Thursday, are, in view of Mr. Asquith's announcement as to the King's willingness to create Peers, now in favour of passing the Veto Bill

The "D.T." and "Egeria"

But I *should* like to know what, at the bottom of its middle-class mind, the *Daily Telegraph* thinks of its literary editor's literary effort? For the "Egeria" morals—what there are of them—are not in the very least middle-class. Its hero is an amorist unabashed. No one ever bothers about getting married, and the wages of "Egerian" sin are—well, *vide* Mr. Courtney, something altogether different from orthodox belief.

The Real Togo

A correspondent writes me from Newcastle:—"Admiral Togo has been staying in Newcastle for a few days as the guest of Sir Andrew Noble. Helped to show him the Elswick works yesterday, and in the evening we were at a reception which Lady Noble gave to meet the great hero. He is very nice—so modest, and gentle, and unassuming. At the beginning of the evening he was standing at the end of the room, with his aide-de-camp behind him. People were brought up and presented to him, and he blushed crimson and seemed hardly able to find words to answer their polite compliments. He sometimes pretended not to understand English, and made his aide-de-camp act as interpreter for him, but subsequently he talked very nicely to us in quite good English. When he stood up to speak to us some clumsy person in passing pushed the sofa so that it went against a lamp and very nearly upset it. Togo turned instantly and caught the sofa and pulled it back, and then quietly continued speaking to us. I never saw anything so quick and so calm."



The Earl of Cromer

Learning to Manage the Ship of State?

KING HAAKON OF NORWAY AND PRINCE OLAF AT THE ROYAL SUMMER RESIDENCE AT BYGDOE

The King of Norway is presumably teaching his sturdy little son how to manage a boat, with an eye on the day when he will have to steer the ship of State. Note the Viking-like prow of the pleasure-boat. Prince Olaf is now eight years of age

The King's Sport

The King is to shoot with Lord Ripley, Mr. Arthur Sassoon, The Mackintosh, and, perhaps, Lord Derby during August. Later in the year members of the Royal family, Royalty's friends, Ambassadors, and Ministers will be entertained at Balmoral, which, thanks to the improvements effected by King Edward, is now as comfortable as any great house in Scotland.

Last Gasps

The wonderful London season of 1911 died last week. Its final, still healthy, gasps included a delightful dance given by the American tenant of Invercauld, Mrs. David Beatty, and another by the Duchess of Portland; a garden-party at Holland House (Lady Ilchester's first entertainment this season), and one at Holly Lodge; many big weddings; the first performance of Massenet's *Thaïs* at Covent Garden; and, at the end, great gatherings at Hendon and Brooklands to witness the start for the £10,000 *Daily Mail* air race now in progress.

Opera v. Ballet

It is often said that the cinematograph performance is to take the place of drama, and I have been wondering recently whether "emotional ballet" is not to take the place of grand opera. An interesting feature of the season's opera has been its partial eclipse by the Russian ballet. "Big" nights at Covent Garden are now those on which the ballet performs, preferably during the whole evening, and the house (with stalls at 30*s.* a piece) fills for them as it once did for Caruso or during the Tetrazzini boom.

Miss Violet Asquith and Master Anthony Asquith

Children of the Prime Minister, at the wedding of the Hon. F. McLaren, M.P., to Miss Barbara Jekyll, last Thursday, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

More Engagements—

Never, as I may have before remarked, never has there been such a year as this for a perfect plethora of engagements among peers and peers-to-be. Those of marriageable age *noch zu haben* may now almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, though of girls of similar years there are, despite a highly successful season, with balls galore, still rather too many left over.

—Of Peers

Lord Downe, Lord Monk Bretton, and Lord Gormanston are the three last of the peers to announce matrimonial intentions. Lord Downe is a year-long widower, sixty-seven last week, and an ex-soldier. Lord Monk Bretton is of recent nobility, being the son of that well-known Victorian, Mr. Dodson, Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons; and Lord Gormanston is Premier Viscount of Ireland, fifteenth holder of his title, and owner of a great battlemented castle in Co. Dublin that contains over a hundred rooms, lots of which have never been decorated, much less lived in. He marries Miss Eileen Butler, daughter of the painter of "The Roll Call."

The Autumn Season

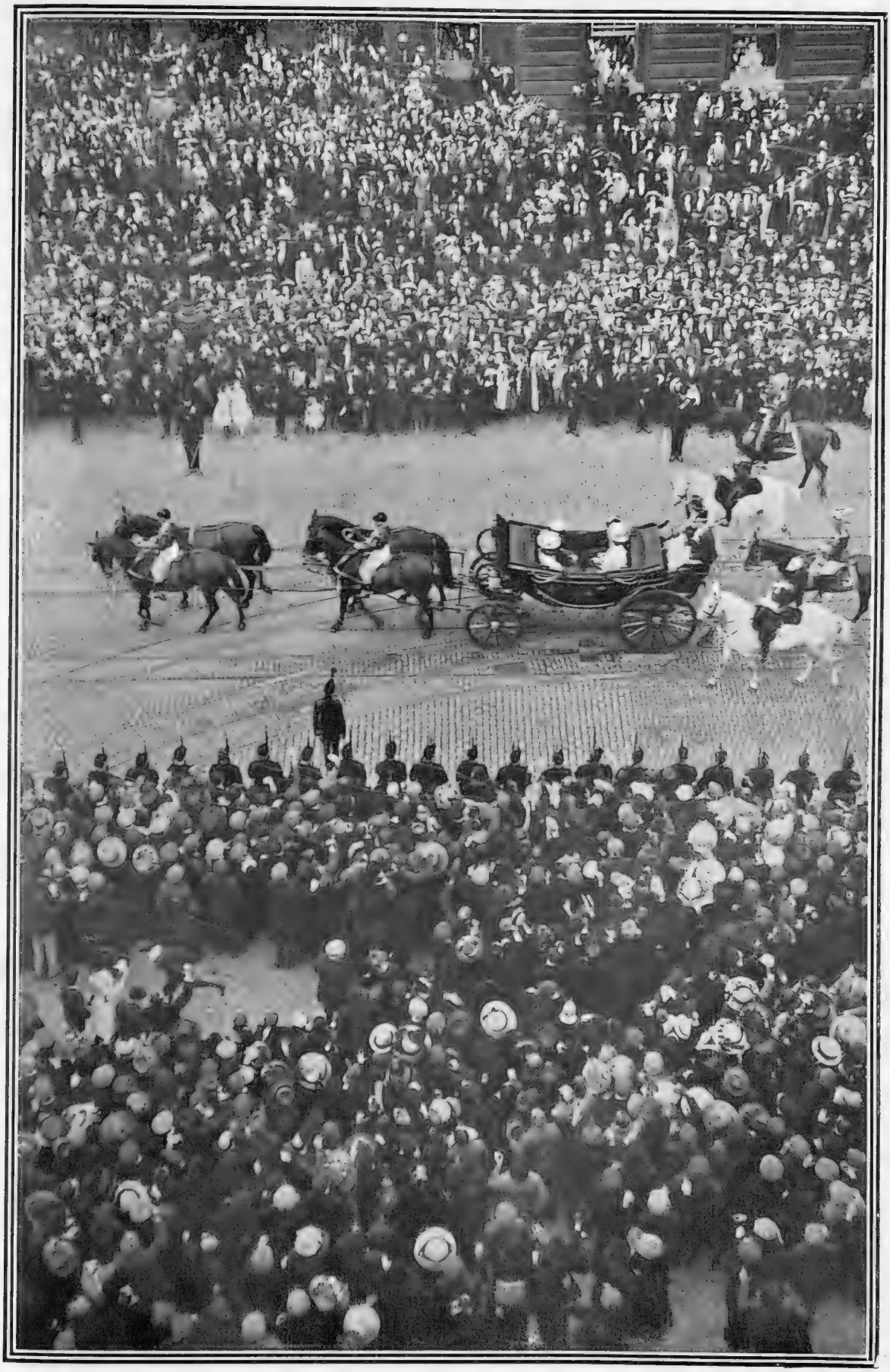
It is rumoured there will be no autumn season owing to the absence of the Court in India. The prophets prophecy, I think, somewhat prematurely. Year by year the "little season" grows in social favour, while the fact that a "cure" is no longer an indispensable item on the *mondaine's* programme is all to the advantage of the ante-Christmas season.

Society and the Church: London's Bishop Holds His Annual Garden-Party

The greatest "Church social" of the year is the Bishop of London's Garden-Party at Fulham. Dr. Ingram makes a very charming host, and invitations to the function are generally much sought after in Church circles

An Unusual View

OF THEIR MAJESTIES' PROGRESS THROUGH EDINBURGH LAST WEEK



THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE PALACE

Edinburgh's welcome to its monarchs was just such a one as might have been expected. The fervour of the cheering cannot be described. Scotland went loose. Even the wild enthusiasm of Dublin was eclipsed. Their Majesties were obviously moved, and as genuinely delighted as their braw subjects, which is saying much

An Interesting Alliance

Politics, Society, the arts, commerce, the services—were all to the fore at St. Margaret's last Thursday, when the Member for Spalding, the Hon. Francis McLaren, was married to Miss Barbara Jekyll. Both bride and bridegroom belong to notable families. Mr. McLaren is the son of the present Lord Aberconway, as well as the grand-nephew of John Bright, and the grandson on both sides of distinguished Parliamentarians.

A Soul's Daughter

And the new Mrs. McLaren has at least one "soul" for parent, her mother, Lady Jekyll, having been once a leading light of the famous *coterie* of the 'eighties. She is also a grand-daughter of that great patron of the pre-Raphaelites, the Mr. Graham who bought pictures from Burne-Jones and Rossetti, when the rest of shocked Victorian England, led by Dickens, was shrieking for the "immediate imprisonment" not only of Millais, but of all the rest of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood.

The Very Rev. Hermann Adler, the Chief Rabbi, who died last Tuesday morning. The deceased was in his seventy-third year. This photograph was taken on the occasion of the official celebration of Dr. Adler's seventieth birthday

Another Political Wedding

To-day's bride and bridegroom—Mr. Robert Harcourt and Miss Marjorie Cunard—are also politically interesting, for Mr. Harcourt, of course, has politics in the blood, and pretty Miss Cunard is credited with political ambitions. Like his half-brother, the Colonial Secretary, to whose charm, however, he does not quite attain, Mr. Harcourt is long, slim, dapper, wears a monocle, and can speak. He was on the *Tribune* once as Lobby Correspondent, and he has perpetrated a play or two. His golden-haired, classic-featured bride is the daughter of the pretty sister of Admiral Sir William May, and is of Liverpool family association.

Photograph *Jepson*

The Hon. F. W. S. McLaren, M.P., and Mrs. McLaren

Who were married on the 20th inst. Mrs. McLaren is the daughter of Col. Sir Herbert Jekyll, K.C.M.G., and sister to Mrs. Reginald McKenna. Mr. McLaren, who is only twenty-four years of age, is the son of Lord Aberconway, M.P. for the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire, and the youngest Liberal Member of the House of Commons. This photograph was taken at Bodnant, North Wales, the beautiful Welsh home of the McLaren family

Anglo-American—and other—Alliances

The news that yet another of the peers—the Catholic Lord Camoys—has caught an American heiress has been received with marked coldness over here, more especially within those magic circles (musical-comedy) where once it was the thing for the Peerage to seek its brides. Since those fascinating Russians came to Town wholesale desertion is, so I am told, the sad fate of the picture-postcard belles of the moment, all of whom, having supped with nothing less than Honourables from their youth up, are, naturally, unprepared to "demean" themselves by association with mere plain "Misters."

At Covent Garden

And not only gilded youth, it would seem, has fallen victim to Russian charm. The observed of all observers in a box on a very hot afternoon at Covent Garden last week was the Pavlova, deep in conversation with Mrs. Asquith, who, it will, of course, be remembered, also sponsored socially yet another famous dancer, Miss Maud Allan.

The Late Chief Rabbi

That he was "too learned for a public man" was more than once averred about the late Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler, by his co-religionists. And certainly, after skimming his obituary or studying a list of his writings—theological, homilistic, philosophical—alone, it is difficult to realise how this most distinguished of the Hebrews found time for the many interests—quite unsectarian many of them—that were favoured with his whole-hearted support.

A True Shepherd

Unlike the great heads of the Christian Church, this spiritual (German) master of some 200,000 "English" Jews made a point of coming into contact with all his flock, rich and poor alike, and it has been aptly described how he would pass "from a meeting at Marlborough House or from the presence of titled men of the realm into the flare and clatter of Whitechapel, where, among his own people, he would discourse in Yiddish at some humble Bethel or inspect the sacrificial knife of a slaughterer." Dr. Adler was a rich man, and possessed, moreover, of a deep fund of human sympathy.

Common Sense in the Entertainment World

NEW YORK'S RESTAURANT MUSIC-HALL. LONDON, PLEASE IMITATE!

Photograph] THE NEW YORK "FOLIES BERGÈRE" [*Trans-Atlantic Co., N.Y.*

Never has London been more conscious of the inadequacy of her entertainment methods than during this summer's heat-wave. We have no single variety theatre in which entertainment can be enjoyed, indoors or out, at the same time as refreshment is taken. New York, in her new "Folies Bergère" theatre, has solved the problem. It is very small, the stalls only holding about 250 seats. Between the latter charmingly equipped tables are arranged. The cost of running could not be covered by the sale of tickets only, but the management has combined restaurant and variety, the most expensive dishes and wine being served

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND

JINGLE'S SOLUTION OF THE HOME RULE PROBLEM

I HAVE just spent two whole days in Ireland, and it will, therefore, surprise no one to learn that I have now found a solution of the Irish Question. Great statesmen have puzzled their brains and worn out their lives in the effort to bring Ireland into line with the rest of the practical and progressive communities of the world; but they have failed to find the missing link. It has been left for me to light upon this great and epoch-making discovery.

The Irish have no sense of humour. That is what is the matter with Ireland.

When the Lord Mayor of Dublin decided to present an Address to the King, the City Council declined to permit anything of the kind. In order to give emphatic effect to their views, many distinguished City Councillors had to fight their way inch by inch into the Council Hall, where they finally arrived in a battered and dishevelled condition to announce that they had upheld "the dignity of the Irish nation!"

And nobody seems to have laughed. When I was younger I was taught that the Irish sense of humour was the keenest in the world; but I see now that that is a mistake. The Irish have no sense of humour at all.

"When you have heard these men talk for a little while about governing Ireland, you realise that they do not know enough about business to run a country circus"

By E. A. Morrow

Any man with a sense of humour is put to a severe strain after listening for any length of time to an amiable revolutionary who is speaking about governing Ireland by and by. He talks as if he were mapping out a pretty little fairy-tale in which everything happens for the best and everybody lives happily for ever after. When you have heard these men talk for a little while about governing Ireland you realise as a practical man that they do not know enough about business to run a country circus. But you are obliged to keep a straight face, because it is rude to laugh when the other man has no sense of humour.

The Irish revolutionary is like the ubiquitous newspaper reader who knows for a fact that he could conduct the paper much better than the editor does it, and writes to say so with emphasis, if not always with the most approved orthography. He reminds me also of the historical gentleman who was not certain whether he could play the violin or not because he had never tried.

No man with a sense of humour could talk with an air of conviction of conducting a nation for itself alone in these interdependent days, when the telegraph and the motor-car and the flying-machine have practically abolished frontiers. The mistake of the British Government has been in taking the Irish leaders too seriously. What Ireland wants is fewer policemen and more comic papers conducted by judicious people who will hold a kindly mirror up to the eyes of the "patriots" and make them laugh to see themselves as they really are.

Consider the stupendous joke of the Erse revival. Here is the language of fairy lore and ancient dreams, and there are delightful "politicians" in various parts of Ireland who cherish the illusion that Erse will be the language of the future in the Green Isle, and are clamouring to have the children taught it to that end. Here is a language that has no value at all except to the antiquary and the man of letters, and it is proposed to let a growing nation wrestle with it in the conduct of the practical affairs of life. I wonder, for instance, what is Erse for "volplane"? We have no word for it in English at the moment, and so we have to use the French word till something better turns up. Perhaps the Irish statesmen could lend us their Erse equivalent (if any, as the lawyers say!). English is a fairly complete language, but we are obliged to add to it almost every day. By the time our Irish friends have brought Erse up to date in the same way there will not be much of the original language left.

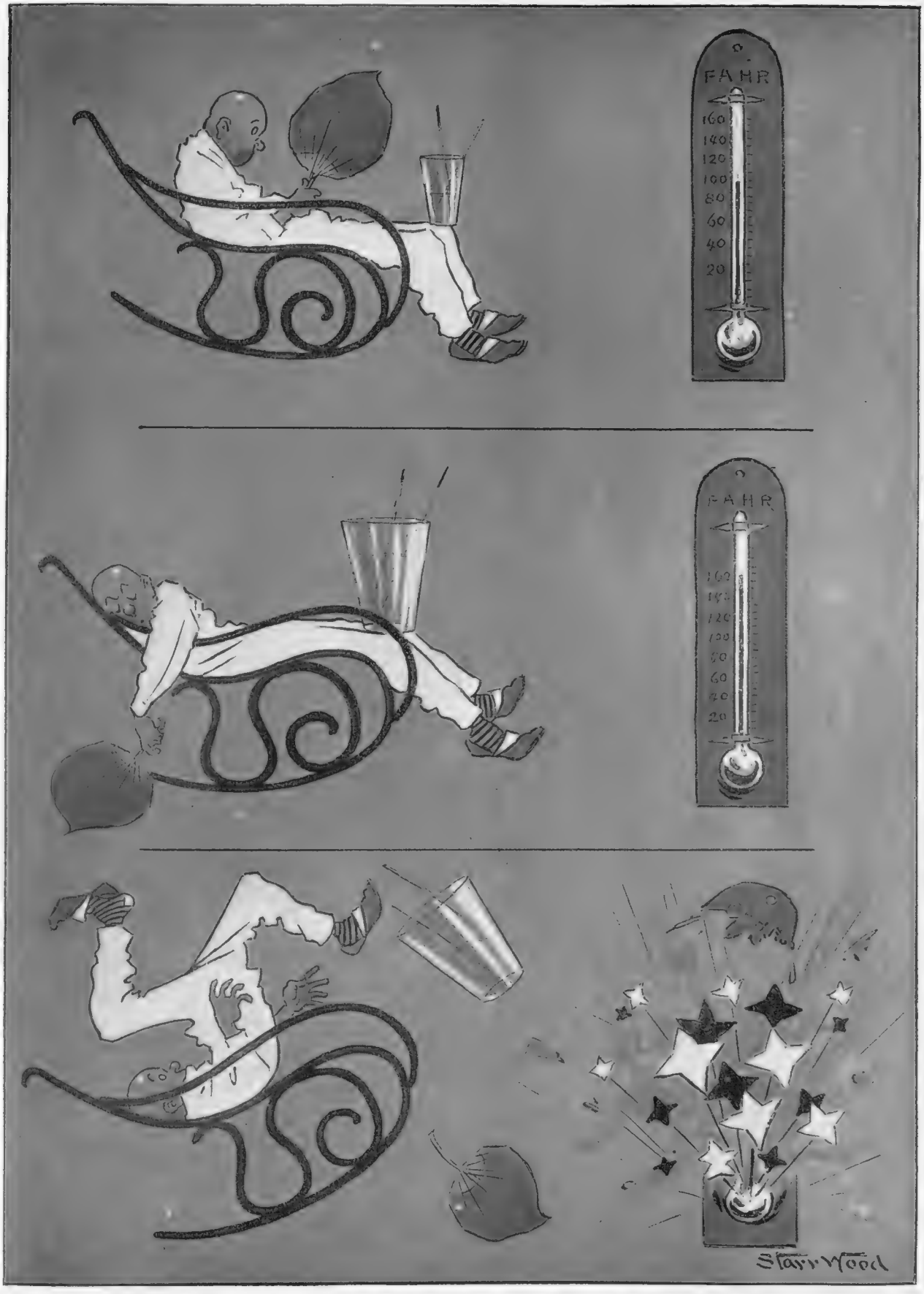
What will the Irish linguists do if they are not supplied in time with a sense of humour? Will they abolish every function that has been popularised since the fourteenth century, or will they follow the lead of the Esperantists and invent a home-made vocabulary system that even a child can use? Esperanto can be justified, because it aims at bringing the nations together; but Erse is designed to keep the Irish from contact with the rest of the world in these days when no nation can live alone.

There is, however, still hope for the Irish section of the British Empire if the Government will give it an adequate supply of good comic papers. The enterprise would practically pay for itself in a few years, and in any case it would come out cheaper than the only possible alternative—a supply of lunatic asylums.

JINGLE.

Too Fahr in Height

A PARDONABLE PLEASANTRY OF THE HEAT-WAVE



A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS: BY STARR WOOD

"FLEUR DESLYS"

AT WHOSE FEET RESPECTABILITY NIGHTLY WORSHIPS

Shaw versus the Undergarments of Gaby Deslys

Gaby Deslys delights me. I write this without a blush, almost with a sense of conscious virtue. For, indeed, I feel myself qualified by this admission to be numbered among the multitude of the respectable who flock nightly to the Alhambra, there to applaud the peculiar talents of a lady distinguished by rumour (not to mention press-agents) as the friend of a King and the cause of a revolution. And let there be no doubt about it. These people are terrifically respectable. They are not the promenade-loungers or the *débauchées* with whom the imaginative Puritan loves to people a music-hall. They fear God, at least once in the week, honour the King, shun advanced novels and opinions as the pestilence, and talk of that dear old grandmother, the Stage Society, as something which outrages not only the sanctity of the Sabbath, but the decencies of every day. And now I have been admitted into their fellowship; I have abandoned an open admiration for Shaw, Wells, and Galsworthy, in favour of a sneaking delight in the undergarments of Mlle. Deslys. I have tasted the joys of an unhoped-for respectability.

When is a "Coquette" not a "Coquette"?

Of course, we are not interested in the artist, the person who dances indifferently and sings rather well. All our adoration goes to the woman. And Gaby, bless her heart, knows this as well as we do. At the beginning of the little slip of paper provided by a thoughtful management for our better understanding of that great masterpiece, "Les débuts de Chichine," we read that "Chichine, a Parisian coquette (no, this is not a misprint), has three lovers." What need to go further? What does it matter if Chichine, after squirting one lover with a syphon and shooting at a cuckoo clock because her nerves are on edge, finally goes off with a handsome young Englishman? All we ask of Mlle. Deslys is to make Chichine as like herself, or rather as like our idea of herself, as possible. We do not even care much about the three lovers; the "coquette" is the important thing.

The Charm of Two Cities

Several years ago, Mlle. Gaby Deslys came to the Gaiety as the Charm of Paris. Then she learned English, and absorbed our ways and manners. And to-day she scintillates with the dual charm of cities

Bedroom Drama in Leicester Square

To do her justice, she does this extraordinarily well. She gives us no fewer than three separate changes of provocative clothing, not to speak of a scene laid in a luxurious bedroom. What more can any honest man want? To him all Paris is comprised in these two details—and that is why Gaby Deslys enjoys such enormous popularity. She is the symbol of Paris as the ordinary Englishman imagines it, and, indeed, to some extent, as he has actually made it.

The Fascination of Vice

Now it is easy to see why all this is so attractive to men. It represents their ideal of what all Chichines ought to be. I suppose they feel that Mlle. Deslys is, so to speak, keeping the standard up, in much the same way as does a champion golfer or a successful breeder of horses. And, after all, if there have to be Chichines, it is better that they should approximate to the ideals of l'Abbaye de Thélème than of Piccadilly Circus. In spite of moralists, vice is not less, but more degraded when it is sordid and dirty.

Sex and Vanity

But all Mlle. Deslys' admirers are not men. In point of fact, I doubt if these are even in any considerable majority. "Isn't she sweet?" whispered a scraggy matron to a buxom maid behind me. Now "sweet" is hardly the adjective I should apply to our charmer's performance. Nevertheless, I think I know what my scraggy neighbour meant. Gaby is extraordinarily attractive, and her attractiveness comes mainly from the advertisement of her femininity. Everything about her is exaggerated, from her rouge and powder to her flimsy garments, cleverly contrived to appear even more flimsy than they are. And it is just by virtue of this stress on her womanhood that she triumphs, turning men round her finger like wisps of straw, teasing them, petting them, working her wicked will on them in a thousand ways. Now all this is very flattering to the vanity of the sex; though, in practice, many women, I am thankful to say, would shrink from doing any such thing. However, it is nice to think it can be done; to reflect that there is still a face like that which—

> Launched a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.

But, oh, we English are a wonderful people, particularly those of us who happen to be respectable!

FRANCIS TOYE

Seasonable Aquatics

SWIMMING AT SOUTHSEA AND BOATING ON THE SEINE

THE START OF THE SENIOR LADIES' RACE, PORTSMOUTH SWIMMING CLUB

The races were held off Southsea beach, and attracted a large crowd of onlookers. It is interesting to note in the above spirited photograph the various attitudes of the starters

TILTING AT A WATER TOURNAMENT ON THE SEINE IN PARIS

Everybody who is anybody leaves Paris in July, and the poor nobodies are left to amuse themselves in solitary glory. But there is always the Seine and good boating. Tournaments are organised by the various rowing clubs, pitched battles being held on the water, and good-humoured Parisian crowds assist. Above is seen the defeat of a doughty champion in a tilting-match

THE BYSTANDER ABROAD

General View of a Gymkhana at Deauville

One goes to see frocks and fashions at the Deauville Gymkhana, more than the show itself. That is why we depict the public, and not the less interesting part of the performance

PARIS AT THE SEASIDE: POPULAR FRENCH RESORTS

A Pretty Group on Trouville Pier

In an abbreviated way the Planked Walk at Trouville is as popular as the Digue at Ostend. One gets a different type of beauty; but is there great choice between the French and Belgian *demoiselle?*

This is the period of the year in Paris when the German Professors swarm to the National Library to consult MSS., and prepare their lectures for the coming session. In fact, the silly season has begun, though the newspapers are never at a loss for interesting subjects to discuss.

The general exodus from Paris continues. The heat has driven all the fashionable people away sooner than usual, and nothing of any importance is taking place in the gay capital just now. This is the time for the second-class tourists, the season when the small hotels make their profits, and on the Boulevards and everywhere you hear German and American spoken. No fashionable person cares to be seen in Paris after the Grand Prix, and often those who are obliged to stay after that date pretend to be away and shut-up their houses.

The fashionable world in Paris rarely frequents either foreign spas or foreign watering-places. Trouville and Deauville are, perhaps, the smartest resorts they patronise, and certainly the most expensive. To do a season "well" in Trouville gives one a good place in Paris Society, and I have heard Frenchwomen questioning one another as to who a certain person is, and a reply of this sort given: "Oh! she is the person who created such a sensation in Trouville."

Trouville is simply Paris by the sea. It has its Rue de la Paix just like the real Paris, and its prices are even more exorbitant. Smart ladies even buy their winter furs at this seaside resort, and it is not uncommon to see purchases exhibited in the window labelled as "bought by the Baroness Henri de Rothschild."

High Diving from Trouville Pier

One bathes morning, noon, and eve at Trouville. In fact, one bathes all day long, wet hair being *de rigueur*

Of recent years Trouville and Deauville are, to the uninitiated, almost interchangeable terms, which annoys the people of Deauville, and pleases the people of Trouville. Deauville is so select, so say the Deauvillors; but Trouville has the advantage of a casino. If you go to Trouville you put up at an hotel—if you go to Deauville, you have your own villa, and as villas are very few, everybody knows each other. It's just like a nice country house-party, and one might well imagine oneself in England—the architecture is English, the hospitality is English, and the sport is English.

At Deauville there is sport of all kinds. All the smart people bring their polo ponies; those who have yachts arrive by sea and the yacht is anchored in the harbour in case of emergency, or an evening dinner *al fresco*. No one would dream of going to Trouville or Deauville without a motor; saddle horses and race horses, too, are necessary luxuries; whilst golf, bathing, and tennis are among the distractions of the rich.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt entertains lavishly. He has accommodation for about twenty race horses, and each horse has a little thatched cottage to itself, picturesquely covered with ivy-leaved geraniums. He also gives very interesting bridge parties in the evening, and the amount of his losses is always an interesting subject of conversation.

TWO GLIMPSES OF THE RUE DE PARIS AT TROUVILLE-DEAUVILLE

At Trouville most of the entertaining is done at the big hotels. "Five o'clock" is a fashionable meal, whilst the casino always attracts those who wish to advertise their banking accounts. Trouville is jealous of Deauville's success, and of late years has been spending large sums of money on fêtes at the casino and attractions of various kinds; still, as I have said before, Trouville is not Deauville, and Deauville, which owes its existence to a caprice of the Duc de Morny, is likely for some time to come to be patronised by the *élite* of French Society.

Among the most prominent hosts and hostesses at Deauville are the Baroness Henri de Rothschild, Baron Gustav de Rothschild (who has an English villa—the Villa Elisabeth), Princess Polignac, the Marquis de Pracomtal (a personal friend of the late King Edward), Prince Radziwill, and Mme. Henri Letellier, who sets the fashions both in Paris and Trouville.

Houlgate is also jealous of Deauville's success, and a great deal of money is also being spent by the Houlgate Municipality. But no fashionable person would elect to go to Houlgate were either Trouville or Deauville within her means.

Trouville-Deauville is Now at the Height of its Season

In the Rue de Paris are seen as many pretty dresses and pretty women at this time of the year as in the Rue de Rivoli itself

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

THE STANDARD OF DECENCY

GERMANY is deep in a propriety campaign, which is conducted as zealously as are England's campaigns at their worst. Both Prussia and Bavaria are busy sending offenders to gaol for delinquencies which even England would chastise only with a fine. In Munich a local publisher and his artist, the "Marquis" de Hayos, have been tried, the latter *in contumaciam*, for disseminating too-undressed Art. The publisher got eight months. The "Marquis," an Austrian, is one of Europe's most talented artists, who specialises almost exclusively in the seductively indecent half-tones which lie between decent nudity and decent full-dress. "Art" pleas did not save him. Neither did the "Art" plea save the publisher of Flaubert's *Young Man's Diary*, or the Socialist *Volksblatt*, which has just been fined for serially publishing Zola's *Work*.

German Courts do not treat these cases in the blundering British way. They are not content simply to decide whether a book or picture is "obscene" or not, but punish "obscene" productions without discrimination. The Germans first ask what was the author's and the publisher's aim? If there is a shade of evidence that his aim was scientific or even "artistic," he gets off, however outrageous his products. The insoluble question of the nature of "Art," which has puzzled the greatest æsthetists of modern times from Baumgarten to Tolstoy, is fought out at every such trial; and highly paid *Sachverstaendige* (*i.e.* experts, mostly professors) give conflicting evidence. (Germans have queer ideas of the sphere of evidence: "Herr Mueller looked as if he knew his brother was the murderer" is a specimen.) And on the soul-wracking problem: "What is Art?" a German professor testifies with the easy confidence of a British expert swearing that an armless man has forged a Bank of England note.

France v. Germany in Norwegian Waters

The Kaiser's cruiser-yacht, *Hohenzollern*, at Bergen. In the centre is the French cruiser, *Lavoisier*. No hostilities have taken place at the moment of going to press

In deciding the problem of the publisher's intent, the Courts always judge by the classes and persons the work is meant for. They start with the presumption that "educated" people may safely read "improper" novels and buy "improper" pictures, whereas the same products when sold to "uneducated" persons have such vicious results that their authors must be punished. (This argument is cogent; the "educated" classes are past corrupting.—Ed. BYSTANDER.) In reality, "education" connotes "money." However outrageous the work in dispute, the fact that it costs one hundred Marks ensures an acquittal; whereas if published at one Mark it gets its publisher into gaol. The Berlin police confiscate all "Paris Salon" nudes when these are reproduced on picture-postcards; but they allow the free sale of large and costly reproductions of the same nudes. At the Zola trial above mentioned the Judge admitted that *Work* is "the extremely valuable creation of a renowned author"; but the fact that it was published serially in a newspaper read by workmen, turned it temporarily, he said, into a criminally "obscene" production. This was because many readers would peruse only occasional chapters; and would thus fail to appreciate the fundamental morality of the writer's intent.

The, by Germans, beloved words, "objective" and "subjective," play a queer rôle in these trials. "Experts" wrangle over the metaphysical problem whether a particular work, or picture, is "objectively" obscene; that is, improper in itself, independently of the points of views, idiosyncrasies, and prejudices of particular classes or individuals. The proposition, that a book can be improper without readers finding it improper, is thoroughly German. The "subjectively" improper art product is one which reacts improperly upon particular readers' minds. A book becomes "subjectively" improper merely by the fact that it is circulated among readers likely to be injured by it; or, says the Court, "to have their *Schaemgefuehl*, their feeling of shame, offended." Circulated in a class too sublime—or too shameless—to have its *Schaemgefuehl* damaged, the book becomes harmless. Germans who wallow in improper literature invariably join a "Bibliographical Society," which gives them the right to buy any books they like.

In one respect Germans manage better than Britons, more especially than British stage censors. While punishing frivolous indecency they show a wide tolerance to anything, however unpleasant, which is meant really seriously. However, in Germany sex-matters are not usually frivolously treated. German popular wit prefers an entirely other and less romantic theme; and in this it resembles Dutch wit in the eighteenth century, as characterised by Smollett. The "comic" picture-postcard which Hans sends his sweetheart from the seaside invariably revolves round this theme. Those who desire information can consult the "comic" journal, *Ulk*, circulated every week in millions by the respectable *Berliner Tageblatt*, the Fatherland's *Daily News*.

Les Baigneuses Joyeuses

ORNAMENTS OF OSTEND IN THE BATHING SEASON

SHAPELY BELGIAN SEASIDE NYMPHS

These snapshots speak for themselves. It is useless to pretend that the vision of pretty and shapely girls disporting themselves in the shallows in charming costumes exists only in the imagination of the astute Ostend publicity department. Here are the actual proofs of a state of affairs that can only be regarded as eminently satisfactory from all points of view. The improvement thereby supplied to the seascape will be obvious to all

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IN politics, the Revolution continues. It is on a par with the Government's usual behaviour that it should press forward a measure destroying our Ancient Constitution at a time when the People's attention is fixed elsewhere.

* * *

At present, naturally, the People's attention is fixed upon the Great July Sales.

* * *

We may return from them — with bargains in gentlemen's pants or bathing towels — only to find that henceforth we are doomed to live under an irresponsible Radical Oligarchy, the House of Lords having been swamped while we were snatching the pants from another gentleman.

* * *

Mr. Asquith may have over-reached himself, however. Already ladies are saying that if he really intended to make their husbands peers, he ought to have done so before the sales, instead of after. Then they could have fitted themselves out at remnant prices, whereas now a peerage will hardly be worth having — it will cost so much.

* * *

Conscientious Policeman: "Comin' down in a place like this! 'Aven't you got no eyes?"
Airman (*languidly*): "I dunno. Have I?" (By Ernest Noble)

CONTRADICTORY!

(Lord Kitchener, who was recently made a Director of one of our railways, has accepted the post of Consul-General in Egypt.)

You, who—we hoped—(Alas, that dream is over!)
Would stay and speed us up 'twixt Town and Dover,
Are bound for Egypt—partly, if not wholly,
To get the Fellahs there to go more slowly.

* * *

"The Japanese 'Chugai Shogyo Shimpo,'" says a contemporary, "holds that the new Anglo-Japanese Treaty is a step towards world peace." It is an irrelevant thing to say, but what a dreadful time Japanese newsboys must have when they want to convey to customers—by shouting—that the "Chugai Shogyo Shimpo" has some interesting bit of news like the above to convey. So very hard on their little lungs.

* * *

Heroines of novels used always to have "rosy" cheeks until their increased age made the description seem a trifle unreal. There seems, however, no reason why it should not now become fashionable again, for a nurseryman is advertising "a blue rose which is permanent."

* * *

"A gentleman in Bedfordshire, while going down a country lane, was recently attacked by a large white owl, which tore his cap from his head." Experts differ as to the reason of this behaviour on the part of the white owl, some holding that it did not care for the shape of the gentleman's cap, others that the poor bird was rendered thirsty by the recent drought and thought it might find water on his brain.

* * *

Great indignation is expressed by an aged correspondent, who writes to us apropos of the fact that motors may now be driven at twelve miles instead of eight in the London parks. "Is it—or is it not—a fact," she asks, "that there is a place called Brooklands for motorists who wish to race?"

* * *

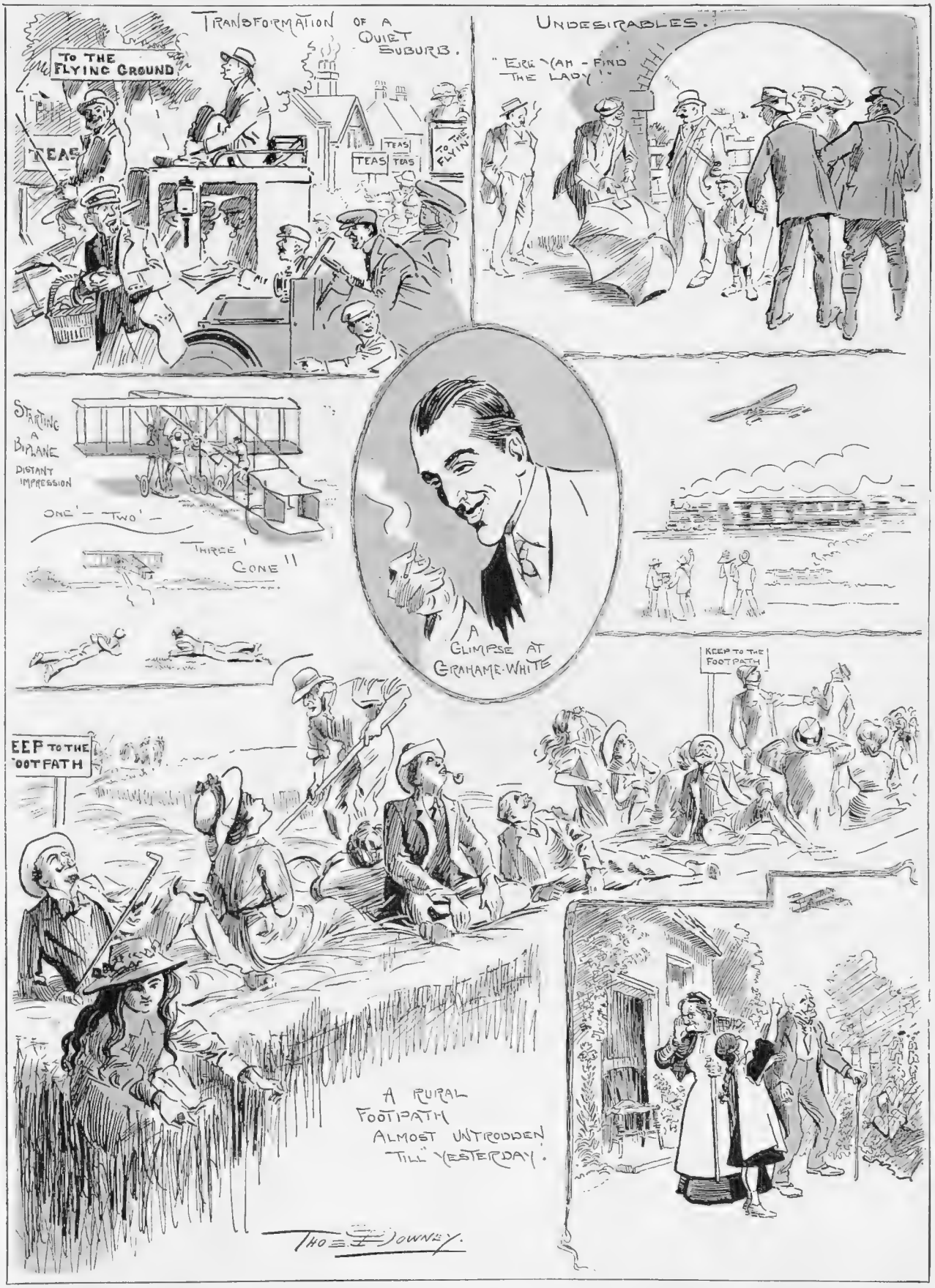
"The second largest open-air bath in England has," says the *Mail*, "been opened at Kensal Rise." And now, no doubt, one will be able to take it for granted that the second-cleanest persons one meets are certainly Kensal Risers.

* * *

One hundred wealthy Welshmen from Canada and the States are at present—according to a contemporary—on a sentimental pilgrimage to Wales. How thankful they will feel, as they visit the dear little old wild country, that they got away before Mr. George became Chancellor of the Exchequer.

What is Coming Over Our Rural Suburbs?

ANSWER: AEROPLANES. A PROTEST FROM HENDON



Our artist, it may be mentioned, is a resident not far from the Hendon Aerodrome, from which, we believe, some important flights have recently been made.—[See the "Daily Mail" and affiliated organs]

BY THOMAS DOWNEY

THE MAN WHO REMAINS

A FRENCH MINISTER WHO RESEMBLES THE BROOK OR THE VICAR OF BRAY

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

M. Dujardin-Beaumetz

When the Monis Cabinet tottered and fell on the afternoon of Friday, June 22, it fell as a heavy stone falls into a still pool. The Paris journalists knew that the stone was loose, but they had not expected it to drop away just then. The Cabinet fell at twenty minutes past five. Before six o'clock the newspaper offices were hard at work Cabinet-making, and the reply over the telephone wire from each one of them to the Paris correspondent of a London paper in search of information was exactly the same. "No, we know no details yet. We have written 'The New Cabinet' at the top of a piece of paper, and the name of Dujardin-Beaumetz about half-way down." For the last eight years Henri Charles Etienne Dujardin-Beaumetz has been the Under-Secretary of State for the Fine Arts Department. Ministries have come, and Ministries have gone, the politics of those in power have changed from Republicanism pure and simple to Radicalism, Social Democracy, and Socialism neat, but Dujardin-Beaumetz is still the Under-Secretary of State for the Fine Arts Department. He is one of the men who remain in the Cabinet. His position is so unique that a few months ago the suggestion was mooted that the Under-Secretaryship of State for the Fine Arts Department should be turned into an official post like a Permanent Secretaryship in England, instead of being a Ministerial one dependent on the vote. The matter was discussed at a Cabinet Council, and President Fallières, whose shrewd common sense has a way of hitting the right nail on the head very neatly, remarked, as he gave his vote against the suggestion, "I don't think it would work. After all, Dujardin-Beaumetz may die one day."

Photograph Henri Manuel

M. Dujardin-Beaumetz

Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Fine Arts

CABINETS MAY COME AND CABINETS MAY GO, BUT HE GOES ON FOR EVER

Some Anecdotes

At present he is a typical middle-aged Frenchman, fifty-nine years of age, good-humoured, kind-hearted, and decidedly fat. He has lived all his life with one foot in the world of politics (his father was the Prefect of the Puy-de-Dôme Department) and with the other in the world of Art. He understands both worlds exactly. Dujardin-Beaumetz explained himself to me with epigrammatic frankness one afternoon some years ago at Marseilles. There was a Colonial Exhibition there, which President Fallières had gone to open. President Fallières is a champion pedestrian in spite of his size and age, and we were rushing after him through the picture-rooms of the exhibition at nearly five miles an hour. I happened to be next to Monsieur Dujardin-Beaumetz when President Fallières stopped in front of a picture. I was stopping too. "No, come on," said the Under-Secretary, "we can make good with a few hundred yards, and get a rest. I know the picture isn't any good. I painted it myself." Dujardin-Beaumetz is the very man to buy pictures for the State. He knows, being himself a painter, what pictures are worth buying, and he is a man with whom even a slighted artist would find it quite impossible to be angry. I heard him one day tell his secretary to show in a painter whom he knew to be very much annoyed at the non-purchase for the State of one of his works. "You don't know how to manage him," he said; "let me see him." The man came in, and was quite ready to be very cross indeed. Monsieur Dujardin-Beaumetz left me and ran across the room to him. He took his hand in his, slapped him on the shoulder, and said, "My dear fellow, you must let me congratulate you. That picture of yours is much too good for the ridiculous price which the State would be obliged to offer you for it. You will sell it to an American millionaire who can afford to buy pictures, and it will bring you in fame and money from the other side of the Atlantic. I wish I could have painted anything at all like it." And the painter went away perfectly happy.

Minister as Artist

Monsieur Dujardin-Beaumetz's best pictures are those of the "Battle of Champigny," "General Lapasset Burning His Flags," and other pictures of the war. He won the gold medal at the Salon in 1880, but of late years he has painted comparatively little. Of course, pictures and painters are only a part of his pre-occupation. He is responsible for the smooth working of the State-subsidised theatres, the Opera, the Comédie Française, etc., and the Beaux Arts School is directly under his supervision. He is also responsible for the Conservatoire, and President of the Committee which awards the Prix de Rome each year. There was some talk the other afternoon of his resigning office when the Caillaux Ministry came into power. Monsieur Caillaux was thought to be in favour of a great friend of his own, Monsieur Maurice Couyba, the Minister of Commerce. Monsieur Couyba, who under the name of Maurice Boukay has written a few plays and many songs, contradicted the rumour himself. "Of course," he said, "Dujardin-Beaumetz won't go. I can write verse, but he is a poet of all the arts and a poet with a Parliamentary training." Monsieur Dujardin-Beaumetz is one of the men who remain.

Coolness by Camera

ALPINE GUIDE PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE MAN HE WAS DESCENDING TO RESCUE

Photograph *Donald McLeish*

A remarkable story of "coolness by camera" reaches us from Morteratsch Glacier. A member of a mountaineering party disappeared, camera over shoulder, through a chasm of unknown depth, and had to be rescued by one of his companions lowered to him by ropes. While awaiting his rescuer, the photographer made, with his axe, a shelf in the ice, fixed his camera thereupon, and obtained the remarkable photograph reproduced above, the pictorial qualities of which, with its striking effect of light and shade, are alone remarkable

Coronation Day in Durban: A

THE NATIVE POPULATION OF THE NATAL CAPITAL MASSED IN THE MARKET-

Black Sea of Loyal Native Faces

-PLACE TO LISTEN TO A LOYAL SPEECH BY THE MAYOR ON CORONATION DAY

Across the Pine Forests to the Thousand Lakes and Islands of Finland

THE LAND OF TWILIGHT AND SHADE

THE DELIGHTS AND ECONOMIES OF FINLAND AS A HOLIDAY RESORT

NOVELTY and economy are both essential to most people's holidays; yet when I have suggested Finland to my friends as a country where both were to be had, they have not taken me as seriously as I could have wished.

The idea is abroad that the weather conditions of the Gulf of Finland are too Arctic, that the political conditions are too Russian, and that the fiscal part of the question is too involved for successful holiday tours. To this I would say that summer in Finland is as delightful as on the coast of Normandy, while the political and the monetary problems demand no more difficult solution than in Italy or Holland.

At the principal hotels, for instance, English is spoken; and where it is not understood German is. In the large towns hotels are comfortable, food is excellent, and living generally is cheap. In addition, there are the charm and novelty of a new country. For Finland means to the tourist something more than a mere Continental centre. It means a new and strange region of mystery. It means a land of lakes and dark forests, of gloomy peaks and waterfalls.

The Song of the Pines

The charm of Finland is its mystery. There all through the short days of summer the pines sigh and moan their sad songs of life and death, and terror and gloom. Graven in the whole face of nature is this gloom and twilight and shade.

All along the southern coast of Finland is an archipelago of countless beautiful islands. There is nothing like them in the world, and every island might make a pleasure resort by itself. For a couple of shillings one may sail around these islands from town to town, and from village to village, getting little character-studies.

I would advise anyone who may be fortunate enough to be looking forward to a first visit to the Grand Duchy to land at Abo, the ancient capital. It is a delightful town, with up-to-date hotels, dainty open-air restaurants, sea bathing, and sea and river excursions of endless variety. Romance is provided by an old castle and a magnificent cathedral. The holiday-making Scot will find in the sacred building the tombs of wandering compatriots who long ago fought for Sweden, a country which dominated Finland for seven centuries.

Sailing Through the Islands

To Helsingfors is a delightful sail among picturesque islands, past gulfs and bays, every one of which makes an exquisite picture for the photographer. Firs and pines grow down to the water's edge, quaint wooden houses, from the tiny hut of the peasant to the brightly painted villa of the well-to-do Finlander, peep out of the woods. The coast is a panorama of perfect prettiness.

A night journey will take the visitor by train from Helsingfors to Viborg, perhaps the most picturesquely situated town in Finland. There, again, the spell of the Skärgaard will be felt, for perhaps nowhere has boating such charm as it has in the lilac-lined bays and among the pretty little islands on the Viborg coast. From Viborg a short railway run brings one to the renowned beauty-spot, Imatra. That little place is situated on the Vuosken River, where there is a mighty cataract, the roar of which can be heard five miles away. Five miles down the river is another giant rapid, Vallinkoski, and at these two places the tourist will learn something of the inland charms of the Grand Duchy, the beauty of forest, lake, and river. If this lure of loveliness does exercise its potency, it can be yielded to a little by taking train to Nyslott. It is best to go by land and return by water. Nyslott is a much-frequented holiday

Finland as an Angler's Paradise

The Gloomy Mystery of Finland

A thousand grim legends cling to the islands of Finland, the people being exceedingly superstitious. To the practical-minded Englishman, it may be added that its rivers and fjords afford the finest fishing in Europe

resort, a quaint place with a most interesting castle, centuries old. From there little steamers carry visitors to Punkaharju, a long, wooded isthmus, famous as the pearl of Finnish views.

Paris in Finland

The tourist would do well to break the journey at Hangö, the Brighton of Finland, a lovely spot with attractions in the shape of a casino, excellent bathing, tennis, croquet, boating, and the prettiest surroundings conceivable. To a large extent the hotels, cafés, principal street, the gay life and the theatres will recall Paris. To Helsingfors by water is a journey of constant delight, and the magnificently built capital of Finland, guarded by the famous seven island fortresses of Sveaborg, will surprise the tourist. There summer life goes merrily enough.

Fishing in Finland

Should this article be read by anglers, I have only room to say that some of the finest fishing in Europe is to be had in the Grand Duchy. Though the average visitors are unlikely to learn much of the Finns' strange, musical language, they will be certain to learn two words, which they will shout when they wave their good-byes to a beautiful little northern land. They are: "Eläköön Suomi!" And they mean: "Finland for Ever!" G. R.

A Finnish Bridge of Sighs

In Viborg is an old park belonging to Baron Nicolay. It contains a famous bridge, where Finnish lads and maidens are wont to plight their troth

Waterfall as Right of Way

WHEREBY SALMON OBTAIN ACCESS TO THE UPPER WATERS OF AN IRISH RIVER

Photograph] FISH-PASS ON THE TULLAGHOBEGBY RIVER, CO. DONEGAL [*E. S. Shrubsole*

The Tullaghobegby River rises amidst the savage surroundings of Alton Lough, which is watched over by the frowning heights of Errigal, Aghla Mor, and other important peaks rising sheer from the lonely lough to heights varying from 1,500 ft. to 2,000 ft. In its lower reaches the river has always been a good salmon water, but until a few years back salmon "salar" could not mount to the upper—and more important—spawning grounds; a huge barrier of rock stopped the way. Modern enterprise has, with the assistance of dynamite, blown a way through this barrier for the fish, a crude but very effective "pass," and where once a picturesque sheet of water glided over the granite and fell with thundering plash into the pool below, now a "ladder" affords the fish easy access to the waters above. In this way over two miles of salmon angling water have been added to the river, and many invaluable redds become available to the spawning fish, and this at little expense. The device might well be repeated in many parts of this prolific angling countryside

"THE DECADENCE OF PROVINCIAL ROWING"

COMMENTS ON OUR ARTICLE BY LEADING AUTHORITIES

THE article under this title (*vide* issue of July 12) has created a considerable amount of interest in rowing circles. It is our intention to publish, either in abbreviated form or *in extenso*, the comments of the captains and officers of clubs and prominent rowing men, as space permits. It is hoped that this article may be the means of collecting together the views and suggestions of those best able to judge of the present state of affairs in provincial rowing clubs. These once obtained, the Editor of THE BYSTANDER intends to do all in his power to further the best scheme which may be decided upon for the sole purpose of resuscitating the interest in provincial rowing. To that end, it may be possible to form a committee of representative provincial rowing men. The replies from the London, Royal Chester, Kensington, and Clydesdale Clubs will be read with interest, and especially the very valuable suggestions contained in the letter from Mr. R. K. Beaumont, whose achievements in the rowing world are so well known. EDITOR.

Mr. CAMERON, Hon. Sec., London Rowing Club

The decadence of rowing can be put down to nothing else than the slackness of the modern young man who nowadays finds so much to amuse him with so little exertion. The provincial rowing clubs are only in the same position as the metropolitan clubs. The London, with its membership of over 700, can scarcely muster 4 per cent. of its members to represent it at regattas, where every travelling facility is at hand and all expenses paid by the club. Other old and well-known clubs can either not put on an eight at all or only just manage a four. The Amateur Rowing Association has just organised a petition from all the clubs to the railway companies asking a reduction in the rates for carrying racing boats, in order to encourage better entries and attendance at provincial regattas. If this is brought about, it may facilitate more entries being made by those few men who stick to the game; but I doubt if it will do much to induce those young gentlemen who confine themselves to golf and motoring to tire themselves by taking up a more arduous form of exercise. Should any scheme be propounded, however, I am sure it will receive every support from the London Rowing Club, so that they may again meet those clubs they raced against so often in years gone by.

Mr. C. A. BEAN (Vice-President), Mr. A. F. DICKIN (Captain), and Mr. R. T. BIGLAND (Hon. Sec.), of the Royal Chester Rowing Club

The article by Mr. Willoughby admirably hits the mark, and our opinion is, that of the reasons mentioned, the chief objection of the modern youth is binding himself to train nightly for even a few weeks (apart from a few months as of old). We do not think the competition of motoring and golf important, as the average youth cannot afford these expensive pastimes.

The first thing, however, is to induce young men to join rowing clubs, as once properly taught the recognition of the immense improvement in their bodily condition and stamina makes them enthusiasts, and likely to influence their friends in the same direction.

If old members, instead of entirely abandoning the sport, would not only urge their sons to row, but would also attend on fixed evenings per month, a great stimulus would be imparted to the clubs. As new members will not come in of their own accord they must be sought. Invitations should be sent to likely men to attend on these reunion evenings, with a view to membership.

Railway expenses for men and boats are a great deterrent, for many suitable, who, living at distances from rivers, are debarred from joining. Southern clubs have the great attraction of attending regattas on the Thames every Saturday in the season, which is a recompense for keeping fit, instead of being confined to a local regatta only.

Pressure should be put upon the railway companies to bring the attendance at these regattas within the scope of provincial clubs. Also books of tickets at cheap mileage rates to any place should be issued to clubs, with a rebate for those unused during the season.

Possible means of resuscitating provincial rowing:—

(1) Continued interest in their clubs by old members, urging their sons to join, with several reunion meetings per month, when invitations to possible prospective new members should be issued; young present members also beating up their friends.

(2) Cheap rates for men to attend their clubs from distances; also for the carriage of many boats in one suitable waggon with racks, and attendants free; also books of cheap mileage tickets to clubs, with rebate on those unused at end of season.

(3) Attendance of Thames clubs at provincial regattas.

Mr. JAMES WELLS, President of the Clydesdale Amateur Rowing Club, Glasgow

I have read with interest the article on "The Decadence of Provincial Rowing Clubs" in your issue of 12th instant, and there can be no possible doubt in the mind of any person who takes an active interest in the sport that what the writer says is unfortunately too true. There is a large falling off in devotees of the sport, and every year is bringing this more forcibly home to those interested in the management of the clubs. To my mind, Mr. Willoughby goes to the root of this decadence when he says that the tendency of the twentieth century is towards ease and luxury and everything which tends to the lessening of physical labour and exercise. Counter-attractions no doubt play a part in the general falling off in rowing, but only to the extent that they do not call, as your writer says, for strict disciplinary training as does rowing. I have nothing to say against pastimes which might be urged as counter-attractions to rowing, but as one who has taken active part in most of them, I will say that as a fascinating pastime and a healthy exercise none of them can seriously compare with rowing. Not only as a course of physical training is rowing to be commended, but it is also admirable as a means of promoting personal confidence and good discipline.

Speaking of the position of rowing in Scotland to-day, the same state of matters exists here as to all appearances exists in England and Ireland. In all the centres under the jurisdiction of the Scottish Amateur Rowing Association the same falling off in membership is to be recorded, and many of the clubs are really only being held together by the strength of older ties and associations. In Glasgow, at one time a stronghold of rowing and the scene of many a Scottish National Regatta attracting crews from many parts of England and Ireland, the sport is at present very low indeed. Of course, in Scotland we have not such fine rivers and stretches of water from a rowing point of view as are to be found in England, but notwithstanding this drawback, which we have always had to face, the sport flourished in the past, and with equal conditions, and in many cases improved conditions, as to boat-houses and other accommodation prevailing to-day, this cannot be urged as a reason for the decadence of the present time.

It is easy to write of the decadence of rowing because it is so apparent everywhere, but when it comes to suggesting remedies we are up against a more difficut task.

[*Continued on page* 190]

Famous Rowing Clubs at Home

No. 7 The Stratford on Avon

Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

The Picturesque Club-house from the Island : Senior and Junior Fours Starting

ONE of the clubs which holds an excellent record of wins in the principal Midland regattas is the Stratford-on-Avon Boat Club. Established in 1874, with the late Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., as President, a position held until his death in 1902, and now so well filled by his son, the Rev. Francis H. Hodgson, M.A., of Clopton, the Club first came into prominence in 1883. In this and the following two years a senior four won eight events.

After this, rowing, in Shakespeare's town, was rather at a low ebb, and only a few desultory wins were recorded. In 1901, however, matters brightened up. Again a junior four won six out of seven events at the principal regattas. From 1905 to 1909 the Club added a list of wins, comprising: twenty-one senior fours, nine junior fours, three maiden fours, twelve pair oars, and two junior sculls, making a total of forty-seven wins. This is something to be proud of, and should

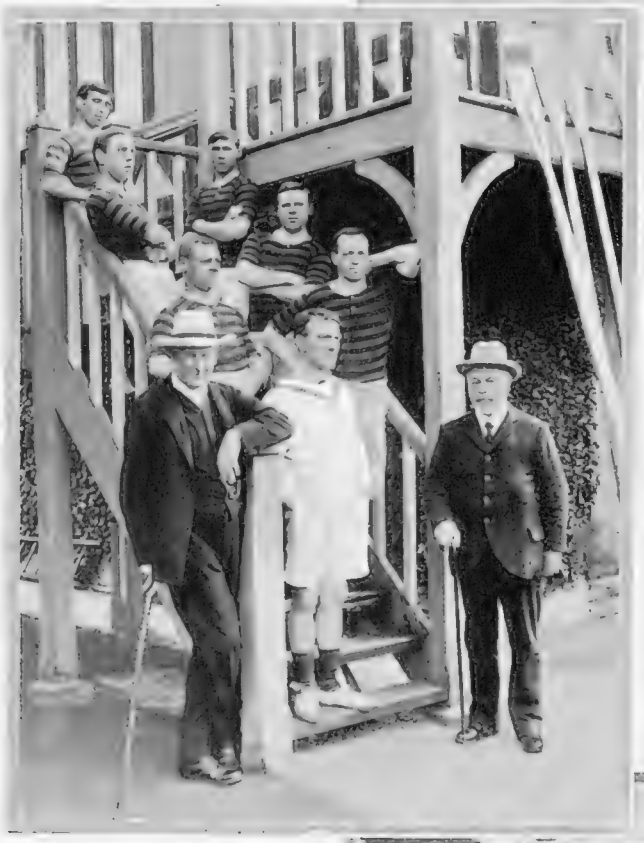
Getting Out Their Oars : "A Hefty-Looking Crowd"

encourage the young men of Stratford to "wake up" and again be doing.

The course, though extremely pretty, is short—about 1,000 yards—and this is naturally somewhat handicapping. Again, Stratford is but a small and somewhat isolated town, with no staple industry, and as a result the young men migrate to towns and countries where there are inducements held out for business careers.

The Regatta Course, from the Start to the Bend, Showing a Pair-Oar Going to the Starting-Post

The church in the picture is the resting-place of Shakespeare



Some of the Active Rowing Members

The President, Rev. Francis Hodgson, on left (straw hat); the Captain, A. B. Smith, centre (bottom step); Hon. Sec., E. R. Thompson, leaning against balcony; John Smith, a hon. sec. to the Club for twenty years (with stick, on right)

Thus the Club's rowing resources are also handicapped. The crews which Stratford has put forward to uphold the honour of their town and Club are noted at provincial regattas more for their quality than their quantity, and this has alone been gained by persistent coaching and hard training. In this the Captain and Hon. Secretary, both of whom are now in their seventh year of office, have done yeoman service.

A club which has won over £1,000 worth of prizes, and which has won at Chester, Nottingham, Burton, Worcester, Hereford, Evesham, and Derby, where the best provincial crews compete, is worthy of all commendation; though just at this moment there appears to be a lull, and the Club is not doing much in the way of adding further laurels to its record. Still, THE BYSTANDER feels confident that, with its energetic officers on the alert, it is only a matter of a temporary "marking time," and when once the order to move goes forth, this gallant little Club will again be in the van—a credit to itself, its historic town, and its beautiful county.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

The Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. R. Thompson, Coaching a Junior Four

"The Decadence of Provincial Rowing": Expert Comment

[*Continued from page* 187]

In fact, if one admits the real cause to be the disinclination of the generality of the young men of the present day to apply themselves to a sport or exercise requiring strict attention to discipline and training, it is almost hopeless to speak of remedies. But even admitting this to be the most deadly of the causes, and agreeing that, so far as Scotland is concerned, rowing will never be what it was some twenty or so years ago, I am of opinion that something can still be done to improve its present position. As a means to this end, I think that something should be done with a view to promoting international races. This has long been in our minds in Scotland, and an effort was made some years ago by the Scottish Amateur Rowing Association to further this proposal, but we did not meet with much encouragement from our rowing friends in the south. I think that international contests would go a long way to create a new interest in rowing, for no matter what may be done at ordinary club regattas they only create local interest, whereas there is nothing like international contests for infusing widespread interest.

Of course, in speaking of international contests from a Scottish point of view one has to admit that the conditions generally prevailing here, as to class of boats, is somewhat different from England and Ireland. With the exception of Aberdeen, there are not now any "eights" in Scotland, and even in the "fours" twenty-seven feet outriggers are now used instead of the forty feet boats in general use in England and Ireland. But I am sure that our difficulty in that direction can be surmounted if we can see any possibility of international contests becoming recognised.

I think Mr. Willoughby's suggestion for inter-county contests is an excellent one, and would, I believe, do much to give a new lease of life to rowing in the English counties. We have something akin to this already in operation in Scotland, viz.: The Scottish Amateur Rowing Association Championships for "Fours," "Pairs," and Scullers, taken part in by all the clubs affiliated to the Association and constituting Scottish Championships. But for this I think rowing would be quite dead in Scotland.

Another point worthy of consideration in any scheme for the encouragement of rowing is the support of the Press. At present the Press do not devote much of their space to rowing matters, and I think they could improve in that direction without any loss to themselves and do much good to a sport requiring all the encouragement it can get. If any sport is worthy of Press recognition rowing surely is. It is a strictly amateur sport (some people think too exclusive), receiving no financial support in the way of gate-money, or other moneys drawn from the public, as other sports, yet providing healthy exercise for hundreds in different parts of the Kingdom, and free entertainment for thousands more.

Mr. R. K. BEAUMONT, Burton-on-Trent Rowing Club

One great cause of the deterioration of provincial rowing is the very high rates charged by the railway companies for the carriage of racing boats to and from regattas; the rate charged for the carriage of a four-oared racing boat (which is the only kind of racing boat used in the provinces) is eightpence per mile. This has damaged rowing in two ways: firstly, by making rowing too expensive either to the club or to the crew, whichever it is that pays the bill, and so clubs cannot afford to send out senior crews unless they are very good; and secondly, and in my opinion most seriously, by driving crews into clinker-built boats in order to dodge the high railway rates. These clinker-built boats are provided by the various regatta committees, crews only bringing their own oars.

Now, it is impossible to maintain the standard of first-class rowing if crews only row in clinker-built boats. Take a good clinker boat's crew and put them into a light ship and they will be hopeless until they have had much experience and coaching.

It is, therefore, essential to good rowing to get crews into first-class boats. I am pleased to say that the Amateur Rowing Association have set their faces against rowing senior races in clinker-built boats, thus doing their duty in endeavouring to maintain the standard of amateur oarsmanship. They are also appealing to the various railway companies to reduce the rates on the carriage of first-class racing boats; and if they are successful, they will have deserved the thanks of all interested in good provincial rowing.

It behoves all those who have the good of provincial rowing at heart to leave no stone unturned in their endeavour to secure the success of this appeal for a considerable reduction in the railway rates.

Then, the old members of rowing clubs who have done their rowing in many instances desert their old club, and leave the new members of the crew without their sympathy and help in coaching and encouraging them. This is very regrettable, and should also be altered. If the old members would come down and lend their influence to the club and encourage and coach the younger members there would be much more enthusiasm and success.

There are plenty of fine challenge cups and prizes offered at provincial regattas; as good as any in the country, and well worth an effort to win.

To bring provincial rowing into touch with Metropolitan and 'Varsity rowing it would be, in my opinion, a good thing to offer a four-oared challenge cup at Henley, open to coxswain fours, which would allow the provincial crews to go to Henley for a short time before the regatta, and would admit of them using the boats they use in the provinces, and get over the difficulty they have in learning to steer a coxswainless four at Henley, just for that one race; and also would avoid the loss they all of them have to face in buying a new coxswainless four for Henley and then selling it directly after the regatta for what it will fetch, to avoid having it on their hands and also the railway carriage on taking the boat home. I think the Visitors' Cup at Henley, which is now confined to colleges, might be used for this purpose. The Stewards' and Wyfold Challenge Cups cater sufficiently for coxswainless rowing at Henley, in my opinion, and I think the conversion of the Visitors' Cup into a coxswain four race would be an encouragement to provincial crews and cater for a large body of rowing at present practically not represented there. If these things were done, I have hopes that provincial rowing would again come to a high pitch of excellence.

HON. SECRETARY, Kensington Rowing Club

There is, doubtless, much truth in Mr. Willoughby's remarks to the effect that the popularity of golf and motoring has been responsible in some degree for the decline, but that this is not the principal cause is, I think, proved by the present very healthy state of Metropolitan clubs.

The rule which applies to the provinces must of necessity apply also to a great extent to London.

Then, again, the rowing man all the world over would consider both golf and motoring to be but poor substitutes for rowing, and if he devotes the winter, say to Rugby football and boxing, he will require something equally strenuous for the summer months.

Further, in the rowing world may be found many men whose means do not permit them to indulge in, at any rate, motoring.

The difficulties of this problem are more local, I think.

In the first place, provincial clubs have no opportunity of going up against other crews, except at the actual regatta at which they race.

In the second place, to a small club, situated probably in the Midlands or the North of England, the expense incurred by an entry for a Thames regatta is a large item, particularly as that regatta should be followed by others later in the season.

Probably, if more Thames crews were to be seen at provincial regattas it might stimulate the provincial clubs; these (the provinces) would probably do very well against the Metropolitans, and so be encouraged to visit the Thames in their turn.

[*More Opinions Next Week*]

The Bathing Photograph Season

HEREWITH DECLARED FORMALLY OPEN

A SNAPSHOT FROM COVER BY HORACE NICHOLLS

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

La Femme Propose, mais l'homme—

A MODERN TREATMENT OF A TALE OF ANCIENT TYPE

THAT accidents, and motor accidents, will happen, particularly in the best regulated of families, is accepted. Why, however, *le bon Dieu* ordains that succour in such accidents should invariably come from the most unwelcome quarters—that is insoluble.

And so it happened with young Bernard Langering. Thrown out of his car at Tovey Combe corner, about ten miles from the family's Devonshire seat, it was just his luck that the person to arrive, to pick him up and to brandify him, was Rogersby, the very man to avoid whose acquaintance the family had performed prodigies of proper pride. A wealthy oil-clothier, living, presumably in a state of wedlock, with heaven knew whom, at a riverside villa which was the last word in modern vulgarity, that alone was enough to make him impossible. But their necessity not to know him was complicated by his very pronounced desire to know them. They were, of course, *the* Langerings, the family a minor branch of which produced the present First Lord of the Admiralty. Oil-clothing is much used in the King's Navee, and a Government contract would be invaluable to Rogersby Bros., the head of which firm was the man himself.

However, brandy in case of need is brandy; a ten-mile drive is a ten-mile drive; and as a result of the adventure, Bernard did the least he could do in promising, one evening, to run over and have a smoke with Mr. Rogersby. Socially it wasn't, of course, quite the same thing as a drive over by her ladyship to tea with—Mrs. ?—Rogersby, but it was getting on. Mrs. Rogersby was pleased enough when the bright-looking, well-groomed young scion of the big house flung off his motor-coat and strode before her husband into the music-lounge. A sportsman, no doubt, she reflected from his general style, but a glance at the face revealed the something more—an *intellectuel*. A wide forehead, deep-set grey eyes, thick, curly hair well away from the temples—this was a man with a temperament.

He bowed to her gracefully, and plunged at once into conversation. The fact that it was a music-lounge suggested the topic, and Bernard confessed to being unconventional enough not only to like music, but to like it with the same fastidious care that he liked his food, his clothes, his golf clubs, his fishing-rods, and his motors. He was not pleased by all that was reputed "good," nor was he, he confessed, displeased by all that was reputed "bad."

"Music," interrupted Rogersby, noting, no doubt, that his wife threatened to get the conversational running, and deciding to act forthwith, "you've come to the right place for music, Mr. Langering."

"I'm sure of it, Mr. Rogersby," he replied. Looking round the hall, his eye had already not failed to notice no fewer than three specimens of the mechanical side of the art, a De Dion Boutophone, a self-steering, non-stop, automatic orchestra, a Fiatola, the latest 40-wrist power piano-player, and a Noiseless Napier Cantophone, the very latest and least throaty singing-machine on the market. "And I suppose you spend a good deal of time in this—er—garage."

It was rash, and a trifle rude—perhaps intentionally so. But Rogersby concealed his sense of the allusion.

"I see you're not a convert," he said. "No doubt you, like Mrs. Rogersby, still believe in the 'uman touch and the 'uman voice. . . . Well, well, *chacun à son goût*, as they say. But just to show you, Mr. Langering, what *I* mean, I'll give you a little selection on the Boutophone. Bertha, dear, just get out the Mozart, the Chopin, and the Beethoven (he pronounced them *Anglicé*, as spelt), and we'll try and convert our young friend."

"Speak for yourself, Adolph," she pouted. "I do not share your views," and glancing smilingly and with a slight yawn, she gave him the numbered records which she had obediently dispigeon-holed, and resumed her seat.

The machine-made music sounded precisely as it would sound, and as it always did, brought to Bernard's mind the hackneyed couplet, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand." One never secures quite the same effect with the feet. Not exactly a lover of humanity—on the contrary, being reputed rather misanthropic—he never loved his own species more bitterly than when music was enacted without its aid.

"She seems to run smoothly," he said, as the last chord of the Egmont Overture fizzled out, "and over difficult country. Thanks. . . . And now, Mrs. Rogersby, tell me, do you yourself sing, or play? I don't see any signs here in this room of chances to do so; but I'm sure you're really musical."

"Yes. But I *never* do either when Adolph is at home. He calls my efforts 'tinpot'—naturally. But I have a little Bechstein in my boudoir overlooking the river, and *when he is away* I play and sing a little to myself."

"Then," he said, softly and mischievously, thinking how very subtly pretty she was, and wondering how in heaven's name she came to be attached to such a man as Rogersby, "to hear your voice as one passes down stream is a sure sign that you are—alone? I won't say 'lonely.'"

"You are clever," was her only reply—unless the sad, but rather fascinating smile with which she said it counted for anything.

Rogersby had a cigar he wished Bernard to try; also some very special port, and led him to the smoking-room, whence he did not emerge for fully an hour, by which time Bertha, after the manner of Woman Unwanted, had retired disconsolate to bed. Adolph went to her before retiring himself—a little short of temper, it seemed.

"No," he replied abruptly, in reply to her inquiry; "not a word. Of *course*, I 'inted at the matter, but every time I made any allusion to 'is cousin, 'e turned the

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A Dramatic Loan from Denmark

MISS ELLEN AGGERHOLM

This well-known Danish actress recently appeared at His Majesty's Theatre as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." She delighted the critics with her clear pronunciation and sparkling manner

conversation. I tried to interest 'im in oil-clothing, but it wasn't much use. To tell the truth, I don't expect there's much to be got out of that young fellow, at any rate by straight tactics. We must try others."

He paused, and scrutinised her rather closely.

"*You* and he seemed to get on well enough together, I noticed. Seemed anxious to 'ear you sing, didn't he?"

"He did. And I told him that I only amused myself that way when I was alone, in my boudoir."

"Of course, you can't exactly *ask* him to come and see you when I'm away."

"Hardly."

"But there's other ways than askin', aren't there?"

She did not answer.

"Look 'ere, Bertha. We're together for our mutual benefit, aren't we? There isn't a deal of love between us now—if ever there 'as been. You bear my interests in mind, and I'll bear yours, and I promise this, that I'm *out* any evening you like to make it convenient for me to be. 'Is motor-boat passes the garden pretty often, don't it? And a light in your boudoir—and the sound of that sweet voice o' yours. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Your wishes are law, Adolph," she said. "Besides . . . I rather like him."

At which Rogersby, with a sardonic smile, left her for his own room.

. . . . . .

Teuf-teuf-teuf.

He had taken out the motor-boat for a solitary run along the river—say to Monckton Prior, or anywhere else that might suggest itself. He kept her well into the bank, partly because he preferred it, and partly. . . .

He was alongside the Rogerbys' house. From the window came a distinct sound of music—real music. She was singing, to her own accompaniment. What was it? Ah, yes, he knew. A curious choice—that song of the "Lonely Heart."

"*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt.*"

Goethe's words, to which Tschaikowsky had offered, in the form of a very beautiful setting, his entire agreement with the poet's sentiments.

"None," she sang, "but the lonely heart can know such anguish."

Her voice was soft contralto, and intensely full of expression. She sang the song as though she really meant it—as though she was not only alone, but as he had suggestively said to her, "lonely."

He attached the chain to a post, and stepped softly ashore, opening the gate into the garden.

When she reached the last verse he had mounted the balcony, and as she came to the concluding line, he pitched his own baritone into the notes of the accompaniment, which descends contrary to the theme of the melody, and sang them just as loudly as was needful for her, and nobody else, to hear.

She got up and came to the window.

"You, Mr. Langering? How daring of you, and how very delightful!"

"Is it perfectly safe for me to come in?"

"Did I not tell you that I only sang when he was away!"

"You did," he said, accepting her invitation to seat himself on the settee next the piano. "And you sing of *Sehnsucht*. Is that your true feeling?"

"Always," she answered.

"You mean that you miss something—someone—that you have loved?" He threw his glance as full upon her as he dared.

For she was undeniably pretty, if a good deal older than he. Her hair fell picturesquely back from an ivory forehead; she had dark eyes, very red lips, and quite brilliant rows of teeth.

"Yes. Something that left me—that abandoned me to the first rescuer. You, Mr. Langering, were rescued at Tovey Combe. So was I—somewhere further away, and less lonely. In Paris, if you would know it. But you, you do not, at your age, know the meaning of the word *Sehnsucht?*"

"I think I do," he replied. "I, too, 'long and languish,' as the song says. *I* have the 'lonely heart.' I want to love, madly, ardently, but to love truly. And she, whoever she may be, has not yet come into my life. Women, yes, of every sort and kind, those that one is expected to love, and those one ought to love. But Cupid's arrow fails to pierce me. I go aimlessly on, hoping against hope, and nothing seems to assuage my longings. That's my case, and why I, too, understand the word *Sehnsucht.*"

"And why do you come to me?"

"Because I instinctively knew that you would understand. I should like to tell you all—*all*—that there is to tell you about myself, and I believe that you would sympathise. Besides, something seemed to tell me from the first, and your singing of the *Sehnsucht* song confirmed it, that you, too, needed sympathy. I thought I could offer it."

All would have gone well that night had she not, on the utterance of these words, thoughtlessly given way to impulse and at that moment taken his hand, and thereby converted what should have been an exchange of ideas and sympathy into a manifestation of wholly alien inclinations. Bernard had never known a woman's touch before, had never been so near to her, or so conscious of a woman's personality. The touch of her hand was the spark to the powder-magazine. All that had hitherto failed to happen within him during those twenty-four years of life now seemed to happen, and as to her—well, her life with Rogersby had been entirely free from exaggerated manifestations of passion.

. . . . . .

When, as they were still locked in a close embrace, the door suddenly opened, and disclosed Rogersby, followed by the butler, Bernard was, of course, alarmed, and for the moment nonplussed. The coolness of his head, however, in emergencies varied inversely with that of his heart. He disentangled himself quickly, but not confusedly, and, without awaiting the inevitable challenge, addressed the presumably outraged husband.

"You have caught me," he said, "and I am compromised. What is your proposal?"

She had, meanwhile, retreated, hanging her head, to the balcony.

"Proposal? Proposal?" The man's eyes flamed with a terrible wrath. "*I've* no proposal. You've done what you 'ave done, and the pair of you will pay the penalty—that's all. She leaves my 'ouse this night, and *you*—I shall communicate with you in the usual way. That's all. A nice position to be occupied by the heir to the great 'ouse of Langering. Too proud to pay a neighbourly call on Adolph Rogersby, you ain't too proud to sneak in by the back door when you

(*Continued on page 196*)

'Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honor—without the assault of argument.'

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(Continued from page 194)

thought 'e was out and deliberately carry on a guilty intrigue with his wife! A nice look out, bless my soul, for the family of a Liberal Cabinet Minister, with 'is eye on the Nonconformist conscience! Proposal? Oh, *I've* no proposal."

"Very well, then," answered the boy, trembling, "I must leave it at that. I give you the opportunity to secure your satisfaction. You can fight me, if you like."

"Oh, no. I'm no fighting man. Just a plain British citizen, wanting 'is rights, that's all."

The vain hope that even now the man would make some proposal whereby the matter could be compromised delayed him.

"Now, look here, Mr. Rogersby. You have me at a complete disadvantage. How you came to know I was here I cannot imagine, unless—oh, damn, I suppose you spotted the motor-boat! Anyway, I ask you once for all, is there any price I can pay you to save me—or, rather, the family—from a scandal?"

"Now you put it that way, there is something you can do for me which might lead me to stay my hand so far as you are concerned. I spoke to you the other night of the desire of my firm to secure the Admiralty contract. A line direct from you to your cousin, urging 'im for special reasons of your own to place us on the list, that would 'elp matters considerably. Suppose you just sit down and write it there"—indicating a writing-table.

"Very well," he agreed, weakly. "What do I write?"

As Rogersby dictated the letter to the Minister, Bernard, writing it down slowly and automatically, thought and thought and thought. He was beginning to recover a little from the initial shock, and to pluck up courage. It was a terrible humiliation to write to ask a favour of the Radical cousin, of whose politics and speeches they so much disapproved, whose name was anathema in the Navy, and in doing so to divulge the fact that he had a private axe that required grinding. Further, it occurred to him, the letter once written and posted, what was to prevent still further pressure being brought upon him by the scoundrelly Rogersby? When would he ever see the end of it? It might be a millstone round his neck for ever.

Gradually his courage began to revive, and there came into his head the memory that his ancestors had been known as men who, at critical moments, had extricated themselves from difficulties by daring and—yes, and bluff.

Bluff! That was the word. And slowly an idea crept into his brain. It might succeed, and it might fail. If it succeeded, he would leave the house free from encumbrance, the letter still in his pocket; if it failed, why, then, he would be certainly no worse than he was at present. A personal attack he did not fear, for he could easily pulverise Rogersby. The only thought he had was for her, and here I have to record an aspect of the young man's character which may detract from the reader's admiration of him—if he have any.

Men whose passions are suddenly aroused are liable, when they are lulled, to suffer reaction, even repulsion, from those who have been intimate with them. The silence of Bertha in the colloquies which had taken place, her rather craven escape to the balcony, aroused some feeling of pique—for one moment, suspicion. He had read of blackmail, in which "wives" had lured men on, until, at a critical moment, a "husband" appeared with menaces. Everything, in the present case, had happened with the mechanical nicety of a—De Dion Boutophone. Without preparation, surely, Rogersby could not have entered at the moment he did. And she—she? Had she known? Was she a party? Mad suspicion rushed to his head, and removed the last doubt as to his line of conduct. If he were wrong, he would apologise; if he were right, he was right.

He finished the letter.

"Blot it, will you?" said Rogersby.

"No, no. That doesn't matter. I'll just let it dry while we talk a little further. I don't know, of course, that this'll do you any particular good. The Minister can't do everything, you know, even to help a cousin out of a compromising situation."

"Oh, 'twill be something, at any rate. I'll take the letter, if you *don't* mind."

"On second thoughts, Mr. Rogersby," said Bernard, waving the letter to and fro in the air, "I don't know whether, after all, I will give it to you."

"Very well, then. You prefer to take the consequences?"

"Yes. That will, I think, be better—whatever the *consequences*"—he sneered as he uttered the words—"may be."

"I can tell you that," said the other hotly. "Proceedings—backed up by witnesses and a confession—in the Divorce Court."

"Oh, no! really, my dear Mr. Rogersby, if you'll excuse me. The one essential to divorce proceedings, as you and that lady will agree, is lacking here."

"What do you mean?" he said, hotly, as she, her face pale and her whole frame trembling, came forward for the first time. The swiftness of the two to suspect his insinuation confirmed him in his estimate of the truth.

"The essential condition to an action for divorce is that the parties are *man and wife*."

The shamefaced silence with which the lacerating words were received were sufficient to reveal to him that the game was his, that the bluff—for it was nothing else—had won. And no sooner had he realised it than he cursed the day that he had ever lived to win it. For, written on the face of the woman he had kissed but a few minutes ago, was anguish and abandonment. She gave him one reproachful look and sank, her hands covering her face, on to the settee whereon they had sat, sobbing as though her heart would break.

He crept out of the room, down the steps and through the garden to the anchorage of his boat as softly as he had come. If there was relief in his mind that he had, by strategy, escaped from a dangerous, nay, a fatal, predicament, there was rage in his heart that he had done so at the price of a woman's misery.

Perhaps, one day, he would offer reparation; perhaps he was wrong, after all, in judging her to have acted as her husband's accomplice in blackmail. Perhaps the discovery had been a fair and not a premeditated one.

The woman, one day, no doubt, would tell him her exact motive for acting as she did. . . . Poor woman. As if she knew!

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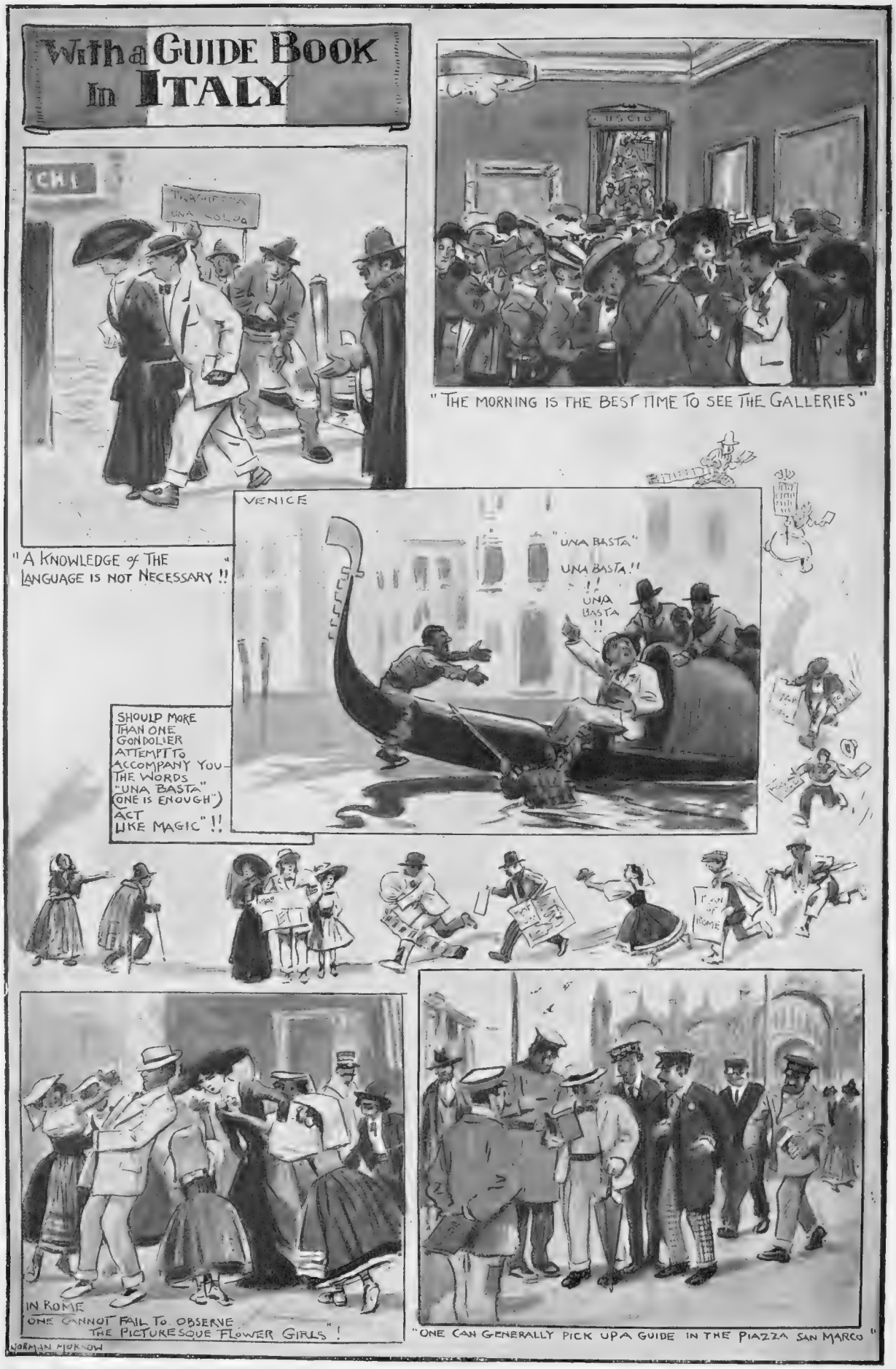

English tourists are flocking to Italy for the great exhibitions at Rome and Turin. Mr. Norman Morrow supplies above some helpful hints as to what to see and what to avoid in the festive peninsula

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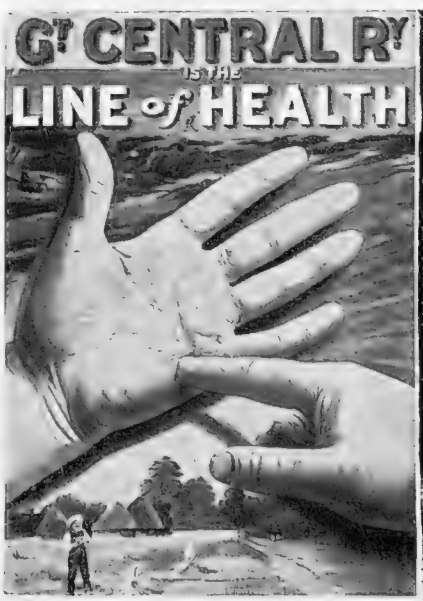

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RACING: Goodwood Prospects. By CARBINE

Charms of the Meeting

Dullish days are ahead for the Turf, as August is always the "off" month of the season. Yachting, shooting, and other pleasures claim the social supporters of racing, and Goodwood sees the last great gathering until Doncaster, with its ever-fascinating St. Leger, brings the racegoers together again. When the weather is fine—and there is every prospect of that during the present week—no more delightful meeting exists than Goodwood. You watch the racing amid some of the most picturesque scenery to be found in the southern counties. Many miles of rolling downs and wooded uplands form a pleasant vista from the race-stands. Some folk are prone to grumble at the distance of the course from the railway stations, but many, on the other hand, would not care to miss that glorious drive from Chichester town, with the glittering Solent gradually disclosing its beauties as one climbs the long, steep hill to the plateau on which the racecourse was laid out by a Duke of Richmond more than one hundred years ago. The presence of the King assures the success of this week's gathering from the social standpoint.

The King George Stakes

There looks like being plenty of excellent racing, the only drawback being the hardness of the ground, which may have the effect of keeping several of the best horses at home. The newly established race, the King George Stakes, will probably have an excellent send-off, as Mushroom is to be sent to take on Sunder over this six-furlong course. One must congratulate Mr. Tom Baring on his pluck in bringing out his three-year-old against a horse who is reckoned to be the fastest in training. I have the greatest admiration for Mushroom, and have backed him in nearly all his races, but this time I think he is up against something a bit too speedy for him, and I expect to see **Sunder** successful. On the same afternoon, **Stedfast** and **Jingling Geordie** should not have much difficulty in winning their respective races, while **Well Done** is my selection for the Singleton Plate.

The Plate and the Cup

Both Royal Realm and Martingale II. have engagements in the Plate on Wednesday and the Cup on Thursday, and seem to be candidates likely to run prominently in the races selected for them. It is probable that Lord Cadogan will save his good filly for the historic Cup, while **Royal Realm** should be best suited by the weights in the Plate, which I expect him to win. In his absence I should depend on **Pillo.** There is every likelihood of a really interesting race for the Cup, which I think will be secured by **Buckwheat.** The Drayton Handicap on Thursday may be taken by **Dandyprat,** and on the following day **Hamerton** is my selection for the Chesterfield Cup.

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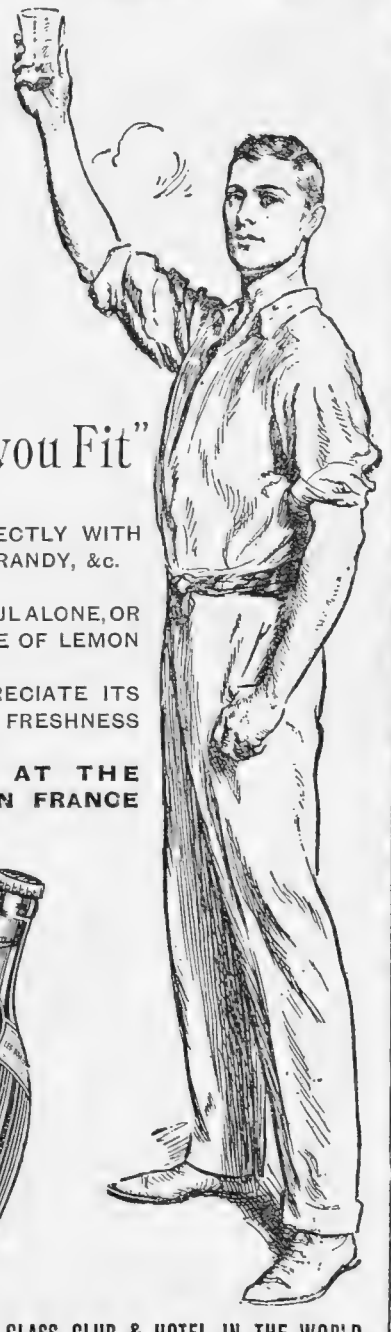

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

HOLIDAY AFTER WIMBLEDON

WHEN once the Championship Meeting at Wimbledon, with all its stress and strain and all its deadly earnestness, is over, lawn tennis seems to take a new lease of life—a lease which is burdened with fewer onerous covenants than the old one; for after Wimbledon lawn tennis players are inclined to treat their tennis more as a holiday diversion and less as a business. Form is no longer such a matter of vital importance as it was, and the place where a match is lost, that ought to have been won, is not necessarily regarded as the grave of a reputation. For this very reason players often find that they play better after Wimbledon than before, and at some of last week's meetings the tennis was often of a more exhilarating type than one sees at the Mecca of the game.

The Reading Tournament was chiefly remarkable for the extra measure of success achieved by Mrs. MacNair. Hitherto regarded as a specialist at the double game, she has recently gained ground as a Singles player, as was shown by her play at the Beckenham Tournament, where she nearly beat Miss Boothby, and also at Wimbledon. Last week, at Reading, she fairly established her claim to a place among the leading Singles players by winning the Berkshire Championship Singles, and beating, among others, Miss Aitchison, one of the select few who constitute the first class. In addition to this, she added to her already brilliant reputation as a Doubles player by beating, with the aid of Mrs. Armstrong, the lady champion, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, and Miss Aitchison in the Ladies' Doubles, besides making a very close fight, with her husband, against Doust and Mrs. Chambers, one of the two strongest pairs of the year, in the Mixed Doubles.

Mr. M. C. Bird: Sketched by Thorpe

The Surrey Captain came back to form with a brilliant century against Worcester last week. He is a fine field and a good change bowler, but—grave defect in a captain—is a poor hand at winning the toss

The victory of A. H. Green, in the North London Championship Singles, at the Gipsy Tournament, was very popular, for he has supported the meeting for years past without ever quite attaining to its highest honours. This time he was doubtless helped by the fact that Roper Barrett, the holder of the title, was *hors de combat*; but even with Barrett out of the way he had to beat several good men in order to win, including Barnes, Pockley, and the pseudonymous N. or M., and did it with a little something to spare. Green belongs to the noble army of old stagers, who play better now than they did ten or more years ago, and of whom we are justly proud. H. S. S.

GOLFING HARDY ANNUALS

I HAVE written so much recently about Mr. Hilton that I have nothing left to say. He has covered himself with glory this year, and has proved conclusively that at the present moment he is the superior of any other amateur and the equal of any professional. Like the eagle, he has renewed his youth. Long may he continue to preserve his powers and to show the amateurs that in their dictionaries the word "impossible" should find no place.

Now I must say a few words about my old friend, Sandy Herd, who, when I see him, always brings back to me hosts of memories of the good old days at St. Andrews when all the world was young, and when so many of us had not yet become "Eton boys grown heavy." Sandy, who so constantly perturbs Mr. Horace Hutchinson by refusing to become an old man, is but a lusty young lad of forty-three, and remains, as he has been for years, the inconstant and disturbing factor in any golfing prophecy anent a great event for which he may enter. Positively I think he is playing better this year than ever. I watched him in his first round, and for the first twelve or thirteen holes he played amazingly good golf. His tee shots, long seconds, approaching, and putting were delightful in their length, power, accuracy, and deadliness.

There is one trick of style, however, that is growing. I refer to his fidgety address of the ball before delivering his shot. He keeps on patting the ground in front of and behind his ball, sometimes as often as eight or nine times, rarely less than four times. To adopt a phrase current just now in the political world, this habit of his "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Seriously, Sandy ought to take himself severely in hand. The amount of nervous energy which he must waste in this futile trick must seriously impair his reserve powers when matters come to a tight finish. Possibly this may account for his failure on several occasions to stay the course at critical moments. He knows he does this *da capo* business, for seeing me watch him at Sandwich he turned to me and said, "I know I am taking an awfu' long time over my shots, but I am hitting dashed good ones all the same." So he was. ERNEST LEHMANN

An important article on "The Open Championship Regulations," by Ernest Lehmann, will appear next week.

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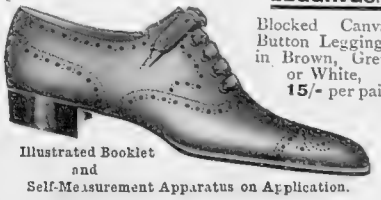

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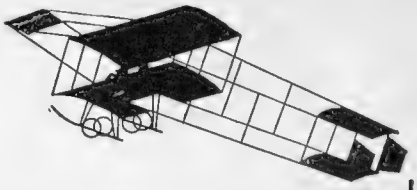

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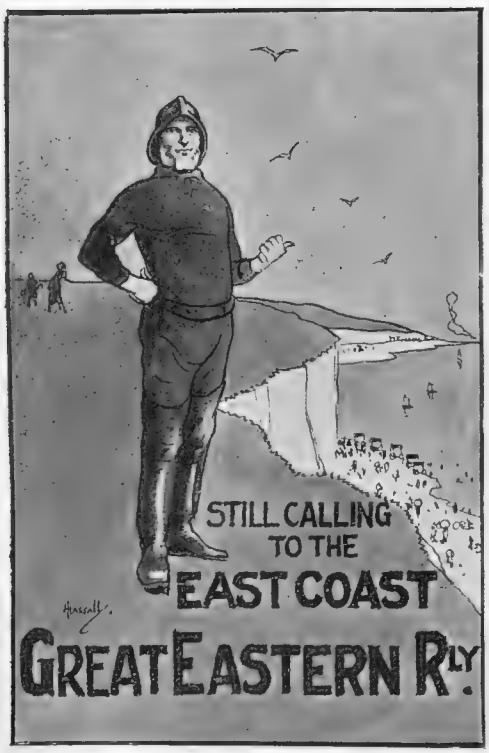

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

The End of the Prince Henry Tour
Prince Henry at the head of the Anglo-German tourists running down the track at Brooklands in the parade that finished an interesting and most successful international tour last Thursday. Prince Henry had a fine reception in the Members' enclosure

The Gaul—and Some Wormwood

The other day a certain car set out to show that a motor vehicle could get to Turin quicker than the train—and did it. The average speed for the whole distance worked out at something considerably in excess of the speed limit. Whereupon a certain section of the technical Press stood up screaming that this was disgraceful, or, at least, undesirable; was an outrage upon the hospitality of a friendly foreign Power, and called for repudiation by all decent motorists—or words to that effect. The technical Press people referred to were canting—and knew it. They have themselves connived at, and encouraged, and justified, the breaking of the law in the matter of the speed limit in England; and, if they have not exceeded the French limit in French territory in their time, they must be office boys. In any case they merit a good spanking. If the car referred to was driven to the danger of the public that is another matter, having no relation at all to legal speed limits. If it was not driven to the danger of the public (and it is quite easy to average the speed that vehicle was alleged to have averaged, without inconveniencing anyone), then it was a matter to be placed on record in the ordinary way. Unbridled speed—no! Inconsiderate driving—no! Always and without equivocation—*No!* But the legal limitation of speed has no connection with either. It has no necessary connection even with common sense; and our essentially sane neighbour, the Gaul (essentially sane in this matter, at any rate), has officially given expression to his appreciation of that fact and abolished his speed limits throughout France. To which our technical contemporaries say "Splendid! Trust the motorist." So we pay our money and we take our choice. If the editorial view doesn't appeal this week, it will next—or later. Splendid it is, but "Trust the motorist" is as absurd as the criticism of driving in excess of the speed limit. The abolition of the legal limit in France doesn't mean "trust the motorist." It merely means that the motorist is brought to the common level of citizenship and placed under the common law. He is not trusted at all; but, and this was the whole of his very moderate request, he is not unfairly handicapped on the road. Driving to the common danger is the only charge that matters. It covers the whole ground. The Gaul has admitted it and abolished the limit. It is wormwood to the British motorist that this country still lags.

The End of the Prince Henry

The Prince Henry tour is over and done. I do not know which club is to hold the trophy; nor do I think it matters. Both clubs will have souvenirs in the shape of cups presented by King George and the Emperor William, and most of the participants will have coloured memories of the cups that are handled at banquets. "It has"—I quote the laconic card of one of the competitors—"been a hot time in more senses than one." So that it has also been an enjoyable time, we are satisfied. Whatever (if anything) our German friends may have to criticise, they can have nothing but commendation for the heartiness of British hospitality, and if, as I am informed, the Scottish greeting was dour, the greeting of the countryside south of the Border was enthusiastic enough. The end came with a parade at Brooklands last Thursday, a complimentary luncheon, a race meeting at which the B.A.R.C. excelled itself, and another—yet another—banquet at night. The motorists of the United Kingdom, who were glad to give a right-handed welcome to Prince Henry and his countrymen, see them depart with regret. At least, there has been something of a demonstration of a certain international solidarity of motoring interests. In the development of road transport and the perfection of the highway upon which the future economic health of this and every other civilised country will so largely depend, an

extension of the idea underlying the tour will count for a considerable something, I make no doubt. But that extension must arrive at the stage of a world parliament of the representatives of national road boards, and national departments of transport, before it can seriously commence to count. The Prince Henry tour was merely the fraternisation of a few motorists of two nations. But the idea, in attenuated embryo, was there.

On Reflex Lights

The reflex light idea of the Automobile Association is a bright one. The cyclist on the road in a black night without a rear light is a danger of some potency. He is a slim person, our cyclist, and can generally be relied upon to look after himself; but if, all unwittingly, the motorist cuts him closely in the darkness, his feelings are outraged most violently, and he is apt to conclude, and sometimes to say, that the motorist is a pestiferous, purse-proud, and entirely unprincipled road-hog—to put it gently. The reasoning in that conclusion has to be sought with much assiduity, and, even then, may not be found; but that is the way of it. Obviously this is just one of those causes of friction between two bodies of road users, whose interests are common in considerable measure. It can be removed quite easily. The reflex light is an excellent way. The reflex light is a tiny ruby glass disc, suitably mounted (in this case) for attaching to the rear of a bicycle. It catches the rays of the car headlights and reflects them in a spot of burning red. It acts thus as a splendid danger signal. The motorist sees it afar off, and drives accordingly. But the cyclist is still largely unconverted to the advantages of its use. Argue away his opposition to the motorist and he falls back upon the plaint of cost. The Automobile Association now comes along with an offer of reflex lights to 10,000 cyclists free. It comes with very pretty diffidence to submit that this will help to make the dangerous path safe for both cyclist and motorist, and contribute to a greater comradeship and a larger toleration. The submission must be allowed by the most invincible anti-motorist.

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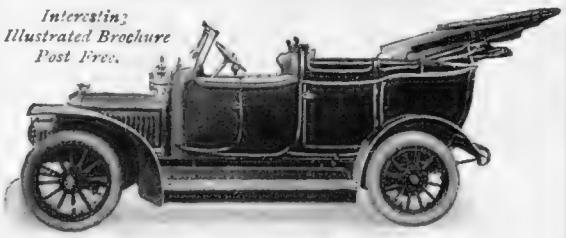

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SUSSEX.—The sacrificial price of £2,250 will be ACCEPTED for this delightful relic of bygone ages, together with 89 acres of freehold, well-timbered land in a ring fence. The picturesque House, with stone tile roof, stands well in the centre of the land, contains 3 sitting rooms and 5 bedrooms, and would readily lend itself to restoration and enlargement in the hands of a capable restorer. Extensive buildings. About 61 acres good old pasture, remainder arable, with fine old avenue of trees. Specially recommended to an architect-antiquary.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ON NEW FOREST BORDERS.

40, 110, or up to 200 acres.

PROFITABLE RESIDENTIAL FARM,

with extensive New Forest grazing rights.

HANTS (overlooking SOUTHAMPTON WATER).—For SALE, capital dairy land, and gentleman's RESIDENCE, standing high, with good drive approach.

GLORIOUS UNINTERRUPTED VIEWS.

Large drawing room and dining room, lounge hall, study, offices, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, just put into thorough structural order. New drainage; good water supply; 2 good cottages; ample substantial buildings; stabling.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

FACING A PRETTY VILLAGE GREEN,

WITH GARDENS TO THE RIVER.

Rural surroundings. | *Gas laid on.* | *Company's water.* | *Gravel soil.*

£1,000 EACH. SUMMER AND WINTER RESIDENCES.

HALLIFORD-ON-THAMES, MIDDLESEX.—The above amount will PURCHASE one of the most delightful little RESIDENCES on this famous bend of the River. Well built, conveniently arranged, and with good gardens.

AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE MISSED.

—For full details as to accommodation, etc., apply, HAMPTON and SONS, Sole Agents, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

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By instructions from the representatives of the late Lieut.-Col. H. W. Wheeley.

ABERGAVENNY (close to the ancient town and the railway stations).—The BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY, known as "THE PENTRE ESTATE,"

THE PENTRE.

THE ROOKERY.

ncluding "The Pentre," a charming Country Residence, in good order, occupying a fine site, 300ft. above sea level, on the borders of Abergavenny, and containing: 4 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, and bathrooms; excellent stabling; lodge entrance; beautiful gardens and well-timbered park.

VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY. The principal Holdings being

PENYWORLOD.

VIEW FROM PENYWORLOD.

	acres.
The Pentre Park	28½
Avenue and Coed-y-brain	40
Nursery Grounds	11½
Lamb and Flag Inn	18
Pentre Farm, Llanwenarth Citra	77½
Penyworlod House and Land	63
Cadvor Farm	156
Malthouse Farm	16
Glanycafn House and Woodbine Cottage	1

	acres.
Govilon Mill	5¾
Land near Green Dragon	13¼
Red House Farm	43
White House Farm	28½
Grove and Middle Llanfoist	126¼
Pentre Farm, Llantillio, Pertholey	204¼
Croes Hywell Farm	52¼
Tyllwyd Farm	45

The fully licensed premises, The Lamb and Flag Inn and the Plough Inn. Also Govilon Mill and House. Numerous cottages and accommodation land. PENYWORLOD HOUSE, a capital old-fashioned Country Residence, with 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing and bathrooms; and good stabling; and about 2 MILES OF SALMON AND TROUT FISHING in the River Usk; the whole extending to about 1,000 ACRES. Producing a rental (partly estimated) of about £1,900 per annum. To be OFFERED IN LOTS, on Sept. 20 next, at the Angel Hotel, Abergavenny.—Solicitors, Messrs. GABB and WALFORD, Abergavenny; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS. BETWEEN OCKLEY AND HORSHAM.

THE OAKWOOD GRANGE ESTATE, OAKWOOD HILL, OCKLEY extending to about 313 ACRES. A beautiful RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING PROPERTY, situate about 5 miles from Ockley and Horsham, including a well-arranged and partly modern JACOBEAN MANSION,

in perfect order, standing in a well-timbered park protected by 2 lodge entrances, and containing: a suite of 5 fine reception rooms, 19 bedrooms and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, complete domestic offices; STABLING FOR 15 HORSES; delightful grounds, including tennis lawn, Dutch and rose gardens, woodland walks, well-stocked kitchen garden, with glass-houses and orchards. BROADSTONE FARM, 5 excellent cottages; also the POUND HOUSE, a picturesque Cottage Residence, containing 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, and bathroom, and offices, surrounded by pretty gardens; 150 acres of densely timbered woodland. For SALE, by AUCTION, by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, at their Estate Room, 20, Hanover Square, London, W., in September next (unless previously disposed of by private treaty).—Solicitors, Messrs. WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER and WELD, 1, Gray's Inn Square, London, W.C.; Auctioneers and Land Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SURREY (Purley; 40 minutes from City).—To be SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds of over ½ acre, with a frontage of 126ft. The House is fitted with electric light and gas, and comprises: hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, lavatories, etc.; motor-house could be built; chalk soil. PRICE, £1,950.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

SUSSEX. In a pretty and healthy part.

£2,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned black and white FARMHOUSE, full of old oak beams and rafters, and standing in grounds of about 40 ACRES: 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms 3 attics; pretty garden and orchard; stabling for 6; cowsheds for 14; granary, etc.; the land is divided into about 20 acres of pasture and 20 acres of arable. Land tax redeemed.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (4,948)

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1 MILE FROM STATION on the Midland Main Line and about 2 hours from London.—TO BE SOLD, the above well-built modern FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a healthy and bracing position 450ft. above sea level, and commanding extensive views; carriage drive and lodge entrance: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; good stabling, coach-house, gardens of 2 acres; full-sized croquet and tennis lawns; walled kitchen garden and orchard; in all about 4 acres; gas laid on; 5 minutes from golf links. Might be Let.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,244)

HERTS.

½ HOUR BY RAIL FROM MARYLEBONE OR BAKER STREET.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a secluded position, and commanding fine views over the Colne Valley. It stands high, and contains: hall, dining and drawing room, 7 bedrooms, sitting or bedroom, bath; double conservatory; well-equipped garage; complete installation of acetylene gas, telephone, modern drainage; splendid water supply; prettily timbered grounds of 1 acre; NEAR 2 GOLF LINKS.—Personally inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,705)

SURREY HILLS.

700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

THIS CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE will be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, on Lease. It is approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance, and contains: entrance hall and inner hall (40ft. by 20ft.), 3 other spacious reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; ample stabling at a convenient distance from the Residence; gardener's cottage; beautiful old pleasure grounds, 2 tennis and croquet lawns, large kitchen garden, in all 15 ACRES; electric light throughout; Company's water, telephone, modern drainage; gravel and sand soil; additional land up to 90 acres by arrangement.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,536)

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FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

CHICHESTER AND GOODWOOD DISTRICT, and only about 4 miles from the sea.—To be SOLD, a charming and valuable small FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a well-arranged Residence (see view above), on gravel soil: panelled lounge hall, large reception rooms opening to verandah, about 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, housekeeper's room, etc.; exceptionally good stabling for 8, groom's rooms and coachman's cottage; well water raised by oil engine; sanitary arrangements believed to be perfect; heavily timbered grounds, inexpensive of maintenance, walled kitchen garden and meadowland, about 8 acres in all, with additional land adjoining available if required; hunting with 2 packs, and near golf links.—Strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,676)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS (1 mile from station, whence London is reached by good train service in ½ hour by G.C. Ry. and Met. Ry.)—For SALE, or would LET, the above well-built modern RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, containing: sitting hall, 3 sitting rooms, conservatory, 5 or 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and w.c.; stabling and coach-house; well-timbered natural pleasure garden and kitchen garden; 1¼ acres; telephone; near good golf.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,725)

SCARBOROUGH AND FILEY (between).—To be SOLD or LET, a picturesque and substantially built COUNTRY HOUSE, in a high and sheltered position, a mile from the sea, 2½ miles from Filey golf links: 8 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, hall, and offices; stabling for 3, 4 cottages, farmery, well-timbered grounds, lawn, kitchen garden, and paddocks, about 4 acres; a mile from station and village.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,323)

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RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

OF

72 ACRES

FOR SALE ON REDUCED TERMS.

Midway between

BRIGHTON AND LONDON.

MEDIUM-SIZED

COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above).

MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

LOVELY EXPANSE OF LAWNS.

Walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.

ORNAMENTAL WATER, AND BEAUTIFUL WOOD OF 9 ACRES.

Stabling. Farmery. Entrance Lodge.

2 Cottages.

Near 2 Golf Links. Excellent Hunting.

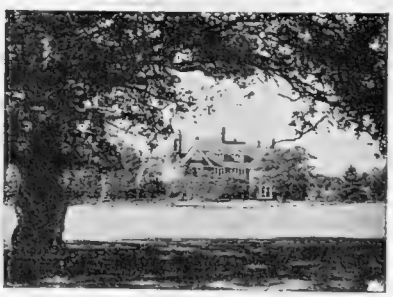
2 miles from a town and station.

—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,571)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Celebrated Golf Course within a mile. 1½ miles from a good town.

PRICE, £4,000 for the above charming GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE, 280ft. above sea, with varied and extensive views; stabling for 4 horses, farmery, delightful well-timbered grounds, lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchard, glasshouses, and pasture-land, in all 19 ACRES: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, hall, and offices; 2 carriage drives; stone entrance lodge; hunting with 3 packs.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,849)



SURREY.

40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

IN A BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT, about 600ft. above sea level.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, situated amidst well-timbered surroundings; it is approached by a long carriage drive, through a beautiful wood, with lodge entrance. It contains: outer and inner halls, 4 spacious reception rooms, boudoir, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices; the well-timbered grounds include full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, and small bungalow; stabling for 4, with coach-house; 3 rooms for men.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,364)

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A GENUINE OLD DICKENS HOUSE.

SURREY (45 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, the above CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, with many historical relations, it being mentioned in Dickens's "Oliver Twist": entrance hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; stabling for 2 horses; LOVELY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS OF 4¼ ACRES; tennis lawn, flower garden, well-stocked kitchen garden, orchard, paddocks, greenhouses. PRICE, ONLY £3,250.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BY ORDER OF THE MORTGAGEES.

ON HIGH GROUND, OVERLOOKING ONE OF THE PRETTIEST REACHES OF THE RIVER THAMES.

PANGBOURNE AND GORING.—Exceptionally well-built and attractive RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices, and pretty verandah.

No reasonable offer refused.

EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 3 ACRES. Tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, rosery, pretty terraces.

Must be Sold at once. —For SALE, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BRACKLEY.—Charming black-and-white RESIDENCE in QUEEN ANNE STYLE to LET, for the Winter or longer: oak-panelled halls, 3 large reception, 2 bath, 12 bedrooms; stabling 8; grounds and paddock 6 acres.—Apply, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,926)

CHARMING OLD HENRY VII. RESIDENCE, 360ft. above sea; gravel soil; magnificent views; 5 miles from important town and station of Chelmsford: 10 bed, bath, 5 sitting rooms; stabling, garage, etc. TO LET FOR 5 OR 6 WEEKS. —Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WARWICK (excellent hunting centre; gravel soil).—Well-furnished RESIDENCE, surrounded by large gardens and miniature park: 11 bed, bath, 4 sitting rooms. MODERATE RENT FOR WINTER.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (26,924)

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IN THE PRETTY COUNTRY BETWEEN WOKING AND GUILDFORD.

£3,500 WILL BUY an OLD FARMHOUSE, renovated and modernised, now in good order: 9 bedrooms, 3 reception, workroom, bathroom, and servants' hall; stabling 4, motor-house, and cottage.

OLD MATURED GROUNDS OF NEARLY 5 ACRES.

Handy for several golf links; express service of trains to London, 1 hour and under.—Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,455)

AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE. SHOULD BE SEEN AT ONCE.

G.E.R. (45 minutes from City).—TO BE SOLD, an exceedingly choice and valuable

RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 178 ACRES, with the above handsome Mansion, containing: 5 reception, 18 bed and dressing rooms, billiard room, bathroom; good stabling for 11 horses; 3 FARMSTEADS; 7 COTTAGES. A LOW PRICE WILL NOW BE ACCEPTED, or the Estate would be divided.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

QUORN, ATHERSTONE, Etc.—Charming old HOUSE in beautiful grounds: 10 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 9; excellent hunting. To LET for almost any period.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,811)

SURROUNDED BY DELIGHTFUL OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN, 10 minutes of main line station, yet enjoying complete privacy. —To be SOLD, or might be LET, Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and the usual domestic offices; electric light; main drainage; Company's water. The grounds extend to about 4½ ACRES, and contain some fine old specimen trees, wide-spreading lawns, tennis court, well-stocked kitchen garden, and meadow.—Apply, Box K 3,938, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY. OCCUPYING A DELIGHTFUL SITUATION, 400FT. HIGH, ON SANDY SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, a fine old COUNTRY HOUSE, part of which is very ancient. It stands in grounds and small park of 36 acres, perfectly secluded, and contains: fine oak-panelled hall, dining room also panelled in oak, 3 other reception rooms, wide covered verandah commanding lovely views, 15 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 4, 2 coach-houses, garage, etc. The pleasure grounds are in first-rate order. There are old lawns, Italian garden, terrace, and loggia; the remainder is all pasture-land with model farmery; Company's water; sand soil.—Box K 4,694, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

UNDER 1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON. STATION ½ MILE. GOLF COURSE 1 MILE.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, a charming old-world RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 4 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; gas and water laid on; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage; coachmen's cottages.—Box K 4,800, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

MID-SUSSEX (15 miles from Brighton).—To be SOLD, a comfortable, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, fitted with all modern requirements, and standing in lovely old grounds. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 8, coach and motor-house, men's room, lodge. The shady old-world gardens and grounds include tennis court, productive kitchen garden, and 2 or 3 enclosures of meadow-land, in all about 12 ACRES.—Box K 4,374, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN A HIGH AND BRACING SITUATION.

30 MINUTES OF LONDON (1 mile from main line station and golf course).—To be SOLD or LET, FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED, a picturesque RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position in well-timbered grounds. The accommodation includes: panelled lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house, and man's room.

6 OR 14 ACRES

of well-wooded grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, and well-stocked kitchen and fruit garden.—Box K 3,757, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

In a beautiful position, entirely free from all motor-dust and noise.

ONE HOUR FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds of nearly

40 ACRES.

The accommodation includes: lounge hall (24ft. by 21ft. 6in.), drawing room (25ft. 6in. by 23ft. 9in.), smoking room, dining room (27ft. by 18ft. 9in.), morning room (18ft. 9in. by 14ft.), 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 9, coach-house, and men's rooms; tastefully planned gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, well-stocked kitchen gardens, and meadow-land.—Box K 4,486, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ABOUT 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SUSSEX (Ashdown Forest).—To be SOLD, a quaint half-timbered RESIDENCE, occupying a magnificent situation with a wide extent of views over the Ashdown Forest. Accommodation: outer and inner halls, large drawing room, dining room, smoking room, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; telephone, Company's water, main drainage; stabling and outbuildings, etc.; the pleasure grounds are well laid out and comprise terraced garden, flower beds, wilderness garden, etc. —Box K 4,980, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

£3,250, FREEHOLD, for a charming old GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, within a mile of a pleasant old market town in in Wiltshire. The situation is a bracing and cheerful one, and the House in excellent order and thoroughly up to date: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling and farmery; finely timbered grounds, tennis lawn, paddock, and orchard, etc., in all 4 acres.—Box K 4,824, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WALTON-ON-THAMES (amid charming surroundings, in neighbourhood of similar high-class houses, and although only 35 minutes from Waterloo (main line), this district is not suburban). —An artistic and well-built COUNTRY RESIDENCE, containing: 3 good sitting rooms, opening out of comfortable entrance hall, 7 bedrooms and bathroom, lavatories, kitchen, pantries, etc.; good grounds with tennis lawn, and flower and vegetable gardens. Price, Freehold, £1,700, if desirable arrangements could be made to obtain mortgages for £1,600.—F. N. RECKITT, Ashley Wood Lodge, Walton-on-Thames (Telephone 48). Smaller house similar to above could be Let on Lease, £70 per ann.

TO BE SOLD OR LET.

SEATON (Devonshire).—"RYALL'S COURT," a fine old COUNTRY HOUSE: 4 reception, 12 bedrooms; carriage drive, gardens, paddocks, and orchard, 16½ acres.—R. and C. SNELL, Agents, Axminster.

FOR SALE.

EAST DEVON.—A charming RESIDENCE: 5 reception, 10 bedrooms; on high ground, magnificent views; 3 cottages, gardens, orchard, tennis court, lawns, carriage drive, 5 acres.—R. and C. SNELL, Agents, Axminster.

FARMHOUSE MANSION (about seventeenth-century), Isle of Sheppey, 3 miles East-church and Sheerness, ½ mile Minster-on-Sea Station; delightful situation, facing South: 5 very large bedrooms, 4 smaller, large hall, 3 reception, old walled-in gardens, with 12 acres beautiful meadows. £3,000, or first close offer. More land if desired.—GEORGE RAMSEY, 63, Cheapside, E.C.

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TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING: Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—Wilson and Gray prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* Wilson and Gray have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

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On the most fashionable reach of the RIVER THAMES, immediately adjoining the famous

BOULTER'S LOCK, MAIDENHEAD,

and convenient for Maidenhead and Taplow Stations, the Guards' Club, golf courses, etc.

THE HIGHLY IMPORTANT FREEHOLD PROPERTIES, comprising a CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE, and 3 delightful Freehold Pleasure Cottages, the whole being in splendid order, having just been artistically renovated. Together with

A FEW BEAUTIFUL SITES,

forming the first portion of the Boulter's Lock Estate overlooking the river and the grand Taplow and Clieveden Woods, and so skilfully arranged that practically

EACH PLOT IS A FULLY MATURED GARDEN,

some being adorned with fine old timber trees and a profusion of roses; others having pergolas, herbaceous borders, lawns, walled fruit gardens, and glasshouses, etc. Main water. Electric light. Gas and telephone. Use of landing-stages.

Wilson and Gray (in conjunction with Aldridge and Lever) will SELL the above in Lots on the Property, by AUCTION, at 4 p.m. on SATURDAY, JULY 29 next (unless sold privately in the meantime).—Illustrated particulars and plan may be obtained from H. E. Cree, Esq., Solicitor, 38, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.; Aldridge and Lever, Estate Agents, Maidenhead; and the Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Sq., London, W. (Gerrard 6852), and at Yeovil.

CHARMING OLD JACOBEAN HOUSE WITH ABOUT

6 ACRES OF DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS.

WILTS (in the best part, 1½ miles from Station, with fast trains to London in under 2 hours).—£100 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED, is asked for a singularly attractive and genuine old HOUSE, standing 250ft. above sea level on sand soil, and containing: 10-11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 5, garage; 2 cottages; beautiful old grounds of 6 acres,

INTERSECTED BY SMALL TROUT STREAM.

Hunting and shooting. Small premium.—Agents, Wilson and Gray, 100, Mount Street, London W., and at Yeovil.

SOUTH DEVON.—Grand position overlooking Salcombe Harbour.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED OR FURNISHED, for short or long period, the above charmingly situated and picturesque HOUSE, standing amidst its finely timbered grounds, and containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and complete offices; stabling for 4. Moderate Rent.—Agents, Wilson and Gray, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

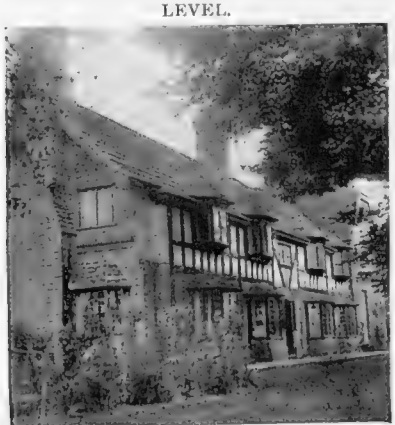
FOLKESTONE (in the best part, 5 minutes from the station).

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, to mid-October, well-Furnished HOUSE, containing: 9 or 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, good domestic offices, with housekeeper's room. Moderate Rent.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE.

—Agents, Wilson and Gray, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

SUSSEX AND SURREY BORDERS.
FINE OAK BEAMS.
PANELLING AND OPEN FIREPLACES.
GRAND POSITION, 400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.



FOR SALE, a singularly beautiful FREEHOLD PROPERTY, in one of the most lovely parts of the Home Counties, including a

GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,

containing: hall, 4 reception rooms, good offices, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; finely timbered grounds, lawns for tennis and croquet, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard and park, in all 50 acres.—Agents, Wilson and Gray, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

YORKSHIRE, in the best part, grandly situated, overlooking the Moors. For private occupation, religious institute, sanatorium, school, etc.

£5,000 WILL PROBABLY BE ACCEPTED for a well-known MANSION and about 25 acres of beautiful grounds. Accommodation: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, ample offices, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas, heating by hot-water pipes; stabling for 9; cottages. The whole Estate, about 750 acres, would be SOLD.—Full details of Wilson and Gray, 100, Mount Street, W.

"SHREWTON HOUSE," SHREWTON, WILTS.

In a bracing situation about 12 miles from Salisbury, 7 miles from Lavington and Wishford Stations (G.W.Ry.), and 7 miles from Amesbury (L.S.W.Ry.)

£125 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—An attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, in first-rate order throughout, and standing about ¼ mile back from the road, 'midst parklike surroundings. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices; stabling for 5; garage, 2 cottages; good water supply; well-timbered gardens with 2 tennis courts, 2 kitchen gardens, surrounded by park with 9-hole golf links.

SHOOTING OVER ABOUT 1,500 ACRES

can be had if desired.—Sole Agents, Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey, Salisbury, and Messrs. Wilson and Gray, 100, Mount Street, W., and Yeovil.

SURREY, in the beautiful Godalming neighbourhood, 1 hour from London.

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. SAND SOIL.

FOR SALE, an exceptionally choice FREEHOLD PROPERTY, in the most beautiful part of the county. The House is modern, and approached by carriage drive with lodge at entrance. Accommodation: 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room (oak panelled), excellent domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, TELEPHONE.
HOT-WATER HEATERS.

Stabling for 5; garage; beautiful gardens and grounds of about 20 acres.—Agents, Wilson and Gray, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

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F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE No. 1379 Gerrard.

CANTERBURY AND FOLKESTONE (between).—For Sale, the above attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, occupying magnificent, healthy situation, approached by carriage drive: 9 bed and dressing, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 4; motor garage; heated conservatory, charming pleasure grounds and beautifully timbered, park-like meadow-land, in all 14 ACRES; gardener's cottage; HUNTING. Price, Freehold, £2,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

PRICE, ONLY £1,100, with 26 ACRES.
QUAINT OLD JACOBEAN RESIDENCE, FULL OF OAK.

COLCHESTER (near).—3 reception, 5 bedrooms, charming grounds; stabling; farmery and well-watered pasture-land.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A TIMES PRICE BARGAIN.

HANTS (near Andover).—A picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 4 reception, 3 bath, 12 bedrooms; excellent stabling, garage, extensive buildings.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS, and 120 ACRES of grass land intersected by a fishing stream. Price, £4,500, or with 25 acres, £3,200, the cost of improvements alone. Personally inspected and strongly recommended.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

1½ HOURS S.W. FROM TOWN.—Beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order; charming grounds, stabling, garage, extensive buildings, and 130 acres of rich land. Bargain, £2,650.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

PRICE REDUCED TO ENSURE EARLY SALE.

DORSET ('midst beautiful country, near Shaftesbury).—For SALE, attractive, old-fashioned, stone-built RESIDENCE, in excellent repair: 12 bed and dressing, bath, 4 reception rooms; capital stabling for 15; 3 cottages; charming old grounds, paddocks, and orchard, etc., 16 ACRES.

HUNTING WITH BLACKMORE VALE, and other packs. TROUT and COARSE FISHING, GOLF and SHOOTING. £4,500; open to offer.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

HUNTING WITH GRAFTON & PYTCHLEY.

NORTHANTS (1¼ hours from Town).—Well-built COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 3 reception, billiard, bath, 7 bed and dressing rooms; tastefully laid-out gardens and paddock, 5 ACRES; 2 cottages, and secondary Residence; excellent stabling for 6. Price, Freehold, 2,000 guineas.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

HANTS (close to borders of NEW FOREST, near RINGWOOD).—FOR SALE, the above charming picturesque RESIDENCE: 5 large reception, bath, 18 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 6; home farm, gardener's cottage.

CHARMING OLD WELL-LAID-OUT GROUNDS and well-timbered pasture-land, nearly 60 ACRES.

HUNTING (Fox and Stag). FISHING. GOLF. South aspect, gravel soil. Moderate Price.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

FAVOURITE BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.
1 MILE FROM STATION, 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.

FOR SALE, the above attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms; entrance lodge; stabling, 9 cottages.

8 OR 12 ACRES.

Charming grounds, pasture-land; golf links 1 mile. Price, £7,500; would divide.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL PROPERTY IN THE FAVOURITE BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.

AN ELEGANT FAMILY RESIDENCE.—Beautiful lounge hall with gallery, 3 reception, bath, 13 bedrooms; pretty lodge, excellent stabling, garage.

EXQUISITE PLEASURE GROUNDS, pretty lakes and parklands of 50 ACRES, high up, gravel soil; golf, good shooting.

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

A BEAUTIFUL SUSSEX ESTATE.

NEAR HAYWARDS HEATH (high up, gravel soil, glorious views).—Black and white ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE: 4 reception, billiard, 4 bath, 14 bedrooms; stabling, garage, 2 cottages, farmery.

MAIN WATER. GAS. TELEPHONE.
Very pretty, nicely timbered pleasure grounds.
PARKLANDS OF ABOUT 60 ACRES.
BARGAIN, £8,000.

ACETYLENE FOR HOUSE LIGHTING

THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL COUNTRY HOUSE ILLUMINANT

NO uncertainty.
NO troublesome mantles.
NO blackened ceilings.

THORN & HODDLE ACETYLENE CO., LTD., 151, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER.
Write for CATALOGUE B 12.

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Silent Electric Clock Co.,

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Telegrams:—"Silectocks, London." Telephone—"2820 City."

Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.

By MRS. JACK MAY

WITH the sale fever still running high, it is a delight to turn into the lofty, spacious dignity of an establishment such as

Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street

Here the needs of early autumn are in the full swing of preparation, the fascinations of friezes, tweeds, and homespuns asserting themselves on all sides. Taking into consideration the limitations of the sports suit, it is incredible the amount of variety that prevails at Ulster House, a large share of the interest, of course, being bestowed on the perfection of detail.

Notable among the new season's models there is the "St. Andrews." The feature of this, as our sketch relates, is the coat, an almost faithful replica of the one so popular with the other sex for golfing and shooting. It has carefully adjusted expanding pleats, the back being drawn in tiny pleats into a permanent half-band. In front, the sportsmanlike appearance is much emphasised by three large patch-pockets, while the skirt is a comfortable five-gored affair, than which no one turns out to better perfection than Kenneth Durward. There is a swing and a balance about these skirts, and a fit that in every way is equal in value to that of the coat, and exacts quite as much care and experience in manufacture.

A Coat for the Sportswoman
Its sportsmanlike appearance is much emphasised by three large patch-pockets
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

For this "St. Andrews" suit of theirs, Kenneth Durward are offering a large selection of Donegal tweeds, and Scotch Cheviots and homespuns, and it may be prophesied with every confidence that it will take an easy lead in sporting realms during the coming autumn session.

Especially dedicated to fishing devotees is a material yclept Durwardette. This is absolutely waterproof; and is principally requisitioned in a drab tone, as being the least conspicuous and the least likely to attract the eye of the wary fish. The Durwardette fishing suit is the very essence of practicability, the coat fashioned with an expanding pleat, the Durward wind-proof shield in front, and an all-round band keeping everything taut and fit.

Nothing neater has ever been devised than the Durward wind-shield, which is equally applicable to motoring coats, and really most enviable in that capacity. It is also much in request for mountaineering feats, when the accompanying skirt is a circular one, buttoning from hem to waist in centre-front. But all that is worth knowing in connection with sports attire is to be gleaned at its best at Ulster House, Conduit Street.

Is Good Advice Ever Taken?

The love of imparting advice is engrafted in most of us. The wonder of it is we do not get more easily downhearted over the way it is disregarded. Take, for example, the delicate question of a woman's success in life. Without for a moment granting it undue prominence, personal appearance is, nevertheless, a very heavy asset. Something pleasant inevitably arrests the eye, and yet how many women, whose face, in a manner of speaking, is their fortune, wilfully pursue a course of disastrous complexion treatment.

Face powders and emollients are bought recklessly anywhere, and on the most casual advice. And this despite the fact that there stands in our midst a social institution whose aims are honest, and whose success is well tested and phenomenally well deserved. I refer to the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, whose word is their bond, that all they offer in the way of treatment is scientific, and the very best of its kind.

The root of their success lies not in covering up defects, but in getting at the root of the cause. Thus are results obtained by using the Cyclax remedies

which, in some cases, are little short of marvellous, and in thousands of others replete with satisfaction all round. No matter the need, whether to repair the ravages of heat or cold, to allay some growing youthful face-disorder, or to cure some long-standing skin trouble, the Cyclax people aim at a cure. They do not for a moment regard themselves as infallible, and are the first to detect a case requiring medical aid. And therein, again, lies their strength. So valuable, indeed, is their reputation, that, apart from any higher motive, which I claim to believe they have, they would not care at this date to run any risks.

The home application of the Cyclax remedies has grown apace, thanks to the unremitting attention afforded the letters, each case being judged on its individual requirements. The celebrated specialist who is at the head of affairs is always at hand with her experience and knowledge; and she also can be seen by appointment.

It has never been the object of the Cyclax people merely to sell their goods. And anyone caring to test that assertion can do so any day at 58, South Molton Street, where without any clear knowledge of what they need, will lay themselves open to a fire of questions.

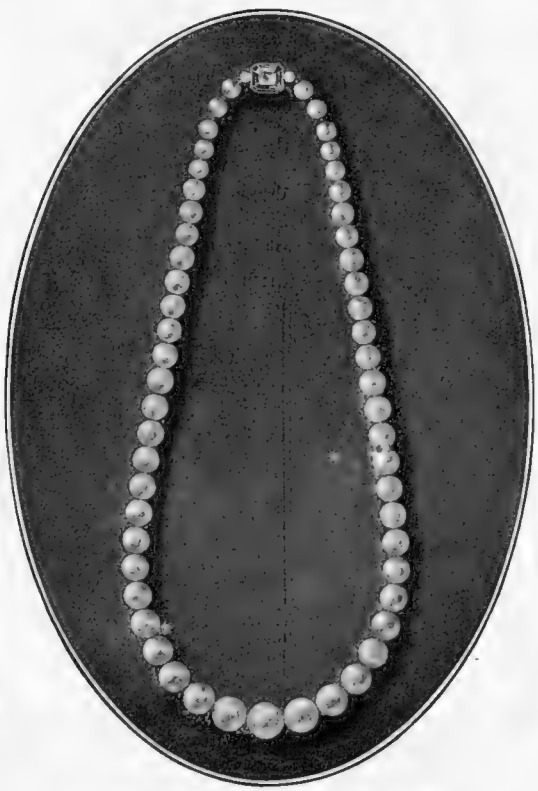
In view of the coming holiday season, I am constrained to add a special word of my own in favour of the Cyclax Sunburn Lotion. Although, if the usual formula of which the basis is Cyclax Special Lotion is quietly pursued, there will be small need to worry, the skin by the treatment being kept in a perfectly healthy, normal condition, and can quite well sustain a touch of the sun. It has, too, a beautifying rather than a detracting effect when the pores are not clogged, the general texture resembling that of a child's skin. This and much more are the Cyclax remedies capable of effecting, and one rejoices to realise that the opportunity of participating in these favours stands at one's very doors.

A Charming Dress for a Young Bridesmaid
(Designed by Dorothy Millar)

Terisa, 8, New Bond Street

When the history of this decade comes to be written, the rivalry set up among those who took to themselves the art of pearl-making will certainly be commented upon. The name of Terisa will doubtless rank very high, since the pearls produced by this firm have no rivals in weight, colour, and lustre. So closely do they resemble in every way Nature's own handiwork, that only an expert, after close examination, can detect the difference. To the world at large they are one and the same thing, saving in the difference of cost. Terisa undertakes to make duplicates of heirlooms, pearl for pearl, and defy comparison. In these days of hard-upness it is tempting enough to such as are possessed of heirlooms to turn these into cash, subsequent to a faithful replica being made by this firm, who are, furthermore, pleased to give the highest price possible for the genuine jewels. Once the sentiment of possessing real pearls is lost, there is really nothing attached to them, a string of Terisa pearls with a real diamond clasp being the next most covetable possession of the day. Earrings, again, are set with genuine diamonds, the closest attention being given to the production of original and artistic designs, in accordance with latter decrees. Terisa pearls have not only come to make history, but have come to stay.

A very beautiful pair of Earrings mounted with genuine Diamonds in platinum, with two Terisa Pearls



Beautiful Collar of Terisa Pearls with plain Gold Clasp

An elegant pair of Drop Earrings. The mounting is the finest obtainable, and the Diamonds of the finest quality

Try "Kutnow's Powder" for the Better Health of Your Liver

It Banishes "Liverishness" and Uric Acid—and Brightens the Spirits

A "Before-Breakfast" Plan.

A CAPITAL "Before-Breakfast" Plan for keeping cool, comfortable, and in good health and spirits during the hot summer weather is described below.

You are not asked to pay for a personal trial of this plan.

Why is it that so many people feel the heat so acutely whilst others go through the hottest weather perfectly cool and comfortable, and full of energy, vitality, and high spirits?

To Right the "Something Wrong."

The real cause for these disorders and this distress is that there is "something wrong" with the liver, the kidneys, or the bowels.

Hot weather has a very trying effect upon the liver. Nearly every White man who lives in India suffers from liver trouble. Certainly, if your liver is at all inclined to get out of order, the hot weather will upset it. As a direct consequence of this, you are afflicted with one or more of the following complaints:—

—Biliousness.
—Constipation.
—Indigestion.
—Insomnia.
—"That Tired Feeling."
—Nervous Debility.
—Depression.
—Headache.
—Sluggishness.
—Loss of Appetite.
—Faintness and Giddiness.
—Hæmorrhoids (or Piles).

It Will Aid Your Liver.

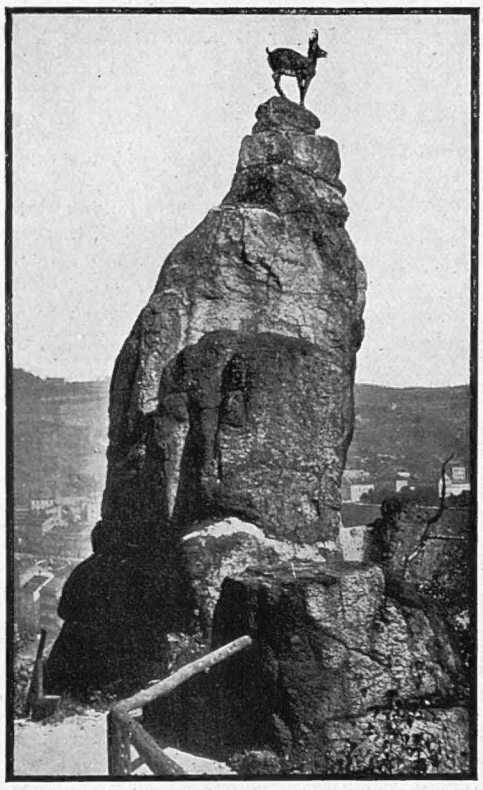
Take a teaspoonful of this "Kutnow's Powder," stir it up in a tumbler of water, and drink this pleasant, refreshing, cooling, and effervescent beverage in the morning before breakfast.

Continue this simple "Before-Breakfast" Plan until your ill-health or the hot weather has gone.

This simple plan—which you can try FREE—will banish your depression, brighten your spirits, aid your liver in its work, cleanse away all clogging, poisonous and fœtid matters from your system, flush congestion from your kidneys, purify and cool your blood, and clear your brain.

It keeps your body (including your head) cool and comfortable during the hot weather, and by "putting right" your digestive and eliminatory organs, it enables you to enjoy splendid health and spirits.

This is the Registered Trade Mark whereby the public may know the genuine "Kutnow's Powder."



Look for the "Dear Leap" Trade Mark of Genuineness

A Splendid Plan of Health-Defence.

EVERY reader who feels faint, exhausted, tired, and digestively "upset" during the warm weather can try it for himself—or herself—free to-day. Afterwards, when you have found that it really does you good and keeps you in better health, you will be quite willing to pay the small cost of continuing this splendid plan of Health-Defence.

The One Thing To Do.

The one thing to do is to "get your liver right."

And how to "get your liver right" is shown by the Rev. C. E. Wincott, of Adlington, Lancs, who writes:—

"About three years ago I was confined to my bed for a short time with a very acute attack of LIVER COMPLAINT. After other medicines had failed to take any effect, I was recommended by my doctor to try 'Kutnow's Powder,' and I am glad to say that after taking two bottles I was completely cured."

Read This Example.

"After a very hard day's work I used to feel fagged," writes Major S. K. Cowan, of the 3rd Royal Irish Rifles, "and sleep was frequently broken. Four months ago I began to take 'Kutnow's Powder,' and I am pleased to state that I can now work strenuously without any ill effect."

Send now for the presentation trial package of "Kutnow's Powder" and see how the "Before-Breakfast" Plan will aid your liver, kidneys, and bowels.

Afterwards, having discovered by personal experience the excellent merits of "Kutnow's Powder," you can obtain further supplies in 2/9 bottles from all Chemists, or direct and post free for 3/- from S. Kutnow and Co., Ld., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Here is the Coupon. Post it in open envelope with ½d. stamp to S. Kutnow and Co., Ld., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C. By return a trial supply will be sent you free to enable you to get and keep absolutely well by this simple and pleasant "Before-Breakfast" Health-Making Plan.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

(Enabling you to try this "Before-Breakfast" Health-Making Plan Free).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post this Coupon in open envelope bearing ½ stamp to

S. KUTNOW and Co., Ld.,
41 Farringdon Road, LONDON.

The free trial supply of "Kutnow's Powder" will be posted you by return.

THE BYSTANDER, *July 26, 1911.*

Shrubs that have Flowered

THERE is a general idea that it is unnatural for shrubs and trees to flower well in successive years. This is true only when they are allowed to ripen seeds, as in the case of fruit-trees. But it does not apply to ordinary flowering shrubs, such as azaleas and rhododendrons; for their pods ought to be taken off as soon as the flowers wither. Unless this is done the sap continues to follow the same channels—into the seed-pods—and until they dry-up, does not turn aside to start the wood-buds; so that there is not enough time for the growth and ripening of the shoots which should bear the flowers in the following year. This can easily be seen by leaving a cluster of pods on an azalea or rhododendron and watching what happens. Pruning in their case is not advisable, but with many other shrubs it is different. Buddleia globosa, for example, flowers mainly at the extremities of the shoots, and in order to make it produce many shoots, and, therefore, many flowers, it should be pruned rather hard immediately after it has finished flowering. Forsythias, dentzias, and syringus (philadelphus) should also be cut hard at the same stage of their growth.

The Borders in Summer

In summer, when the plants in the borders have reached their full development, there should not be any bare earth visible. They will then seem so close together that their ability to grow and flower year after year may cause some surprise. The explanation lies in the fact that they belong to many different species. If they were all the same they would require the same food, and would obtain it from the same source; but being different, they require different kinds of food, and get it from different layers of soil, deeper or shallower, according to the length of their roots. The principle is the same as that of the rotation of crops, though in the mixed borders all the different crops are grown simultaneously instead of in succession. Thus there is a much larger supply of food available, and before it is exhausted a longer time for its renewal by such agencies as bacteria which abstract nitrogen from the atmosphere. Still, it must become more or less exhausted in time, and now that plants are growing strongly an occasional sprinkling of some artificial fertiliser will greatly benefit them. Some, too, may have spread so much that they require thinning, while others may have to be taken out entirely. There is no need to waste those that must be removed. If they are carefully transplanted with soil attached to their roots, and soaked with water in their new positions and shaded for a week or ten days, they may not even flag. There are, of course, better seasons than others for moving plants, but with proper precautions the moving may be done with little or no perceptible effect at any time, even when the plants are in flower.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

Save Weary Weeding

Good gardeners will all agree that tidyness and neatness are two of the principal assets of a successful gardener, and it may, therefore, be argued that any appliance or preparation is useful which helps towards this achievement. We are glad, therefore, to have a seasonable opportunity of saying a few words in commendation of a very effective weed-killer—"The Eureka," made by Tomlinson and Hayward, of Lincoln. A postcard will secure full particulars and a gratis brochure, "Chemistry in Garden and Greenhouse."

THE MENU: Salads and Mayonnaises

Mayonnaise Sauce

Put the yolks of two eggs in a basin and add to them a pinch of salt, half a saltspoonful of white pepper, half a teaspoonful of French and English mustard in the dry state, and a tiny pinch of cayenne. Work these together, then stir in drop by drop three gills (three-quarters of a pint) of the best olive oil. When quite thick, add half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice and one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar drop by drop. By stirring well the mixture should become the consistency of a very thick cream. At the last add nearly a tablespoonful of cream; stirring all the while. Set in a cool place, or on ice, until required.

Salad of Tomatoes en Surprise

Chop up some tomatoes small, flavour them with a bead of garlic and a shallot chopped up and rubbed through the sieve; add four tablespoonfuls of whipped aspic jelly and mayonnaise sauce, and mix into the purée. Decorate a mould with hard-boiled eggs stamped out in rounds or stars, and arrange them in tiers one above the other. Between each layer of egg place a chervil leaf and a sprig of tarragon alternately; fill the mould with the tomato purée, place on ice, and when wanted turn out. Garnish with small salad mixed with mayonnaise sauce.

A Salad of Cold Meat

This is a salad much appreciated and much in vogue in France, and is very good made with cold roast veal or beef. Cut the meat into neat slices about 2in. square, place them on a dish with four shallots (or, if preferred, small spring onions) chopped up very finely, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, tarragon, and chervil, salt and pepper, six tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and two of wine vinegar. Toss and mix all well together, without breaking the meat, and serve in a salad-bowl.

Mayonnaise of Salmon

Remove all bones and skin from the fish, and arrange it neatly in a silver dish. Make a mayonnaise sauce, and have some lettuce, cress, cucumber, and hard-boiled egg ready. Shortly before the salmon is required, pour the mayonnaise sauce over. Garnish with sieved yolk of egg and coralline pepper, arranged in alternate cross-bars. Surround with shred lettuce, sliced cucumber, cress, and garnish at intervals with slices of tomato and hard-boiled egg.

French Bean Salad

Boil the beans whole, drain them and dry them in a cloth. When quite cold place them in a bowl and pour over them some salad oil, shake some black pepper over them and a pinch of salt; then drop over them a few drops of the best vinegar and a sprinkling of very finely minced tarragon and chives.

EMILIA.

Olives from the Riviera

Notwithstanding the penury in the yield of the last year's crop all over the Continent, Messrs. R. Jackson and Co., of 172, Piccadilly, London, as usual, made large reserves of the very finest qualities of olive oil obtainable, and apart from their own import from the best districts in Central Italy, they carry a stock also of the well-known brand, "Barto Valle." Messrs. Jackson's olive oil is hand-pressed from the olives grown in the Riviera, and is pronounced by epicures to be the sweetest they have ever tasted. The prices at present are: Reputed quarts (6 to the gallon), 2s. 9*d.*; reputed pints, 1s. 4½*d.*

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Yet Prominent People Say This Man Reads Their Lives as an Open Book.

Do You Want to Know About Your Business, Marriage, Changes, Occupations, Friends, Enemies, or what to do to Achieve Success.

TEST READINGS FREE TO ALL "BYSTANDER" READERS WHO WRITE AT ONCE.

Attention of the mystically inclined seems to be centred at present upon the work of Mr. Clay Burton Vance, who, although laying claim to no special gift of supernatural powers, attempts to reveal the lives of people through the slender clue of birth dates. The undeniable accuracy of his delineations leads one to surmise that heretofore palmists, prophets, astrologers, and seers of divers beliefs have failed to apply the true principles of the science of divination.

It is not to be denied that astrologers have excited the interest of enlightened people of all ages, but there have been many earnest thinkers reluctant to accept the theories of the ancient Chaldean science. One can only judge the potency of the science of Astrology by a personal application of its principles. To have all the cardinal events of your life spread out before you; to read an undeviating description of your true character, habits, and inclinations, is proof positive that the mighty power that shaped the universe and set the hands on the dial of time to mark the destiny of man has not left us without the means through which we may know ourselves, through which we may fathom the mysteries of life. Asked to explain the method by which he gives his delineations, Mr. Vance replied: "I have simply resurrected an ancient science and moulded it into a key to human nature."

The following letters are published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability. Mr. Lafayette Redditt writes: "My Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read, as step by step you outlined my life since infancy. I have been somewhat interested along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man, and am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."

Mr. Fred Walton writes: "I did not expect such a splendid outline of my life. The scientific value of your Readings cannot be fully appreciated until one has his own Reading. To consult you means success and happiness."

Arrangements have been made to give free test Readings to all readers of THE BYSTANDER, but it is especially requested that those who wish to avail themselves of this generous offer make application at once. If you wish a delineation of your own life, if you wish a true description of your characteristics, talents and opportunities, simply send your full name, the date, month, and year of your birth, and also state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Send your letter to Mr. Clay Burton Vance, Suite 23c, No. 14, Rue de Richelieu, Paris, France. If you wish you may enclose 6d. (postal order, or halfpenny stamps of your own country) to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Please note that 2½d. postage is required on letters posted to France. Do not enclose coins or silver in your letter.

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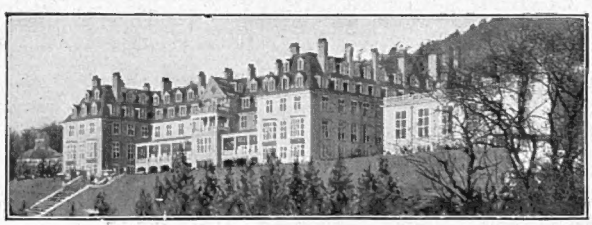
A Palatial Hotel with the Complete BATHS Installation, and ELECTRICAL TREATMENT of a CONTINENTAL SPA.



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A. M. THIEM (of the WINDSOR HOTEL, GLASGOW), *Managing Director.*

Telegraphic Address: "HYDRO, PEEBLES."

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Hair Wavers.

ASTROLOGY

As expounded by **"THE OLD ASTROLOGER"** is astounding in its accuracy. **MERCURY'S** letters of appreciation are like his clients, **"LEGION."** If you have not already proved his skill, lose no more time in sending birth date with 1/- P.O., for a test reading of your horoscope, as he is now adding **TWO** years' advice for a short time

PROF. MERCURY, B.D.
LLANDAFF, GLAMORGAN.

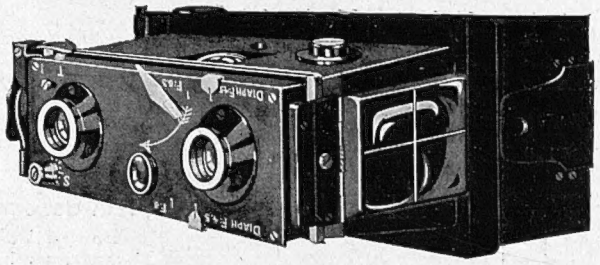
The Editor's Box

Bank Holiday Railway Arrangements

For the many thousands of holiday-makers who will take advantage of August Bank Holiday for a desirable change, the Great Central Railway Company have just published a most varied choice of excursion arrangements to all parts of their system. A perusal of their special A.B.C. programme reveals the extensiveness of the facilities offered to over 300 towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North of England. Special trains will leave Marylebone at convenient times, on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, August 4, 5, 6, and 7, and these express trains are equipped with restaurant cars, enabling passengers to obtain refreshments at the most moderate tariff. For those who wish to spend a pleasant day or week-end nearer home suitable excursions are arranged to many picturesque and historical places in Middlesex, Herts, and Beechy Bucks. This tract of delightful country, with its old-world villages, breezy heights, and peaceful vales is admirably suited for walking and cycling, and special cheap fares are in operation for both the walker and cyclist. Copies of this Special Holiday Programme may be obtained at Marylebone Station, or by post from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

Vinolia Products

Vinolia products are world-renowned for their excellence, and among those we have recently had an opportunity of trying are the Royal Vinolia Soap, Royal Vinolia Solidified Brilliantine, and the Royal Vinolia Sachet. The soap, which is sold in boxes of three tablets for 1s., makes an exquisitely soft and luxurious lather, soothing and beneficial to the skin. It contains no alkali, and its constituents are wholly vegetable. In imparting lustre to the hair the brilliantine is wonderful, and it does not leave heavy grease. The sachet is a charming novelty and the perfume is delightfully fragrant. It is just the thing for bureau drawers, wardrobes, linen chests, etc. The last articles are priced at 1s. A trial of any of those mentioned above may be obtained free for a Vinolia Special Postcard, one of which is enclosed in each purchase.



The Verascope Stereoscopic Camera

The British Pavilion of the International Hygiene Exhibition

Which is being held in Dresden, was officially opened to the public on Friday last. Among those present at the very brilliant opening ceremony were Von Metzsch-Reichenbach (Prime Minister), representing the King of Saxony, Dr. Beck (Minister of Education), Lord Mayor of Dresden, Dr. Renk (President of the Exhibition Committee), and many high personages, civil and military. President Dr. Renk, in declaring the pavilion opened, expressed his great satisfaction at England, the classic land of hygiene, being, after all, represented at this Exhibition in friendly rivalry. He expressed his thanks to Dr. Armit for all he had done and the considerable task he had so successfully undertaken in representing Great Britain in such an able manner

Lyric Theatre

The Chocolate Soldier reached its 350th performance at the Lyric Theatre on Saturday, July 22.

New Offices for Lemco and Oxo

Owing to the extension of their business, Liebig's Extract of Meat Co., Ltd., proprietors of Lemco, Oxo, Fray Bentos Canned Goods, etc., are removing the whole of their offices this week to the handsome new building called "Thames House," which they have erected at Queen Street Place, London, E.C. The offices of Messrs. Corneille David and Co. are also being removed to the same address.

Realistic Photographs

Every serious photographer admits that the Stereoscopic is the only photographic method which gives true-to-life pictures, either of scenery or persons. There is a vast difference between the film or ordinary plate photograph and the brilliant pictures taken by the Verascope Stereoscopic Camera. In a Verascope picture the expression of the face and the character of the individual are portrayed in a remarkable degree. The Verascope is no larger than a pair of field-glasses, and being made of metal cannot warp or get out of shape. It is a fixed-focus camera, and, therefore, there is no difficulty in taking pictures at any distance. It is so simple to manipulate that a child can learn it in a few minutes. Everyone is invited to call and see this camera at the showrooms of Jules Richard, of 27, New Bond Street, London, W., or write for their new Catalogue No. 3.

Analysis **PROVES** that

PLASMON CUSTARD

contains **50 TIMES** more proteid nourishment than ordinary Custard Powder.

Ordinary Custard Powder—0·4 % proteid.
PLASMON ,, ,, **21·3 %** ,,

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

A 4d. packet makes 4 pints of CUSTARD IN PERFECTION

PLASMON is used by the **ROYAL FAMILY.**

Extra-ordinary Cocoa

Messrs. Savory and Moore manufacture an excellent preparation of Cocoa and Milk which is quite unlike the ordinary article, and has many distinctive features. The chief of these are as follows:

It is made f om specially selected Cocoa and pure sterilised country milk.

It is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining, and its delicious flavour is much appreciated by connoisseurs of cocoa.

It is very easily digested and can be enjoyed even by those who are quite unable to take tea, coffee, or cocoa in the ordinary form.

It is an excellent thing for those who suffer from weak digestion, any form of dyspepsia, or insomnia.

It needs neither milk nor sugar, and can be made in a moment, hot water only being required.

Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

A TRIAL TIN of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Bystander," and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.